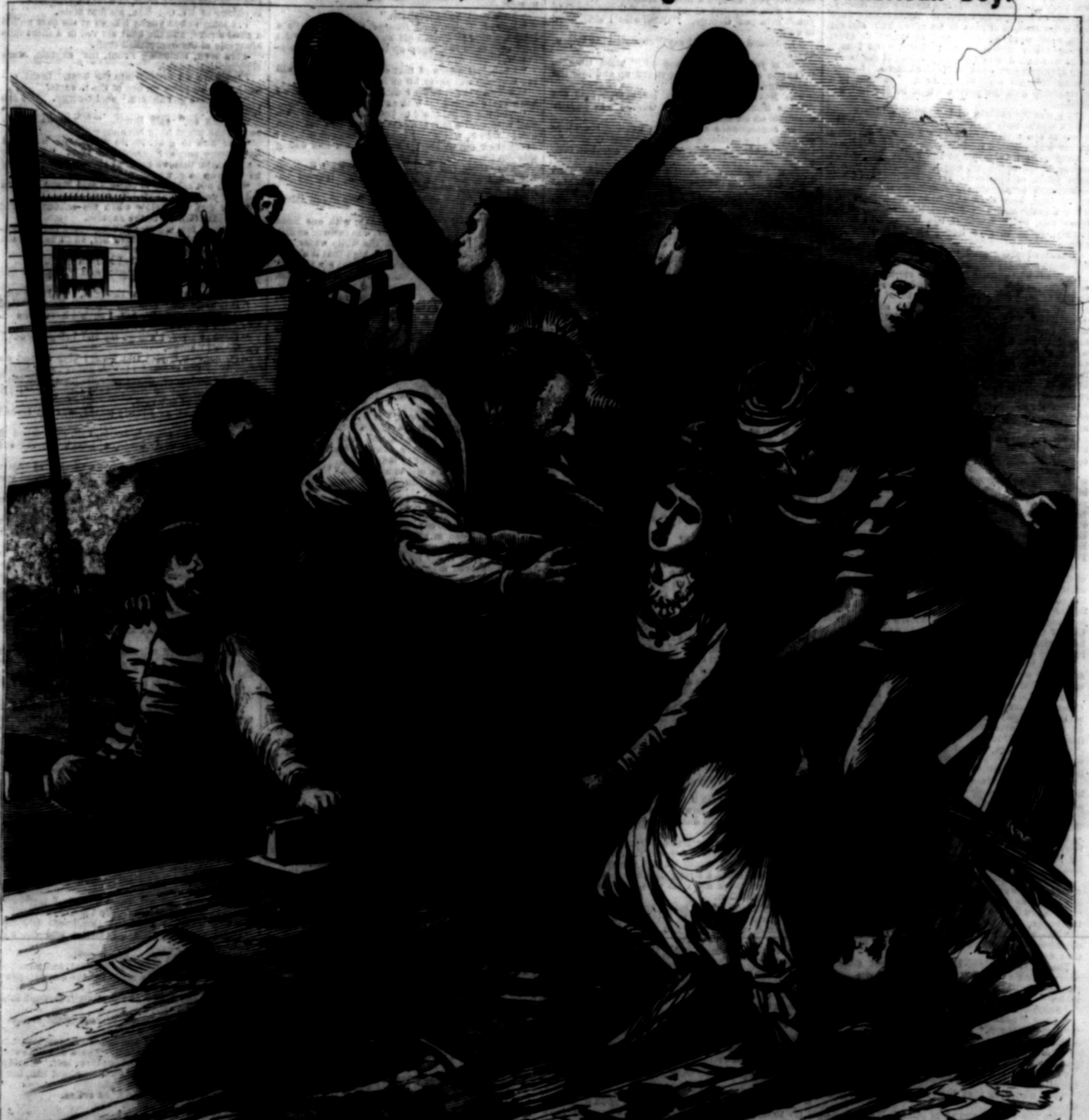
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
No. 13804 1
1879.
CITY OF WASHINGTON

FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.
An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by Frank Leslie, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. All Rights Reserved.

No. 675.—Vol. XXVII. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879. Five Cents a Copy, $2.50 a Year, Postage Free.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann; Or, The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.



"IN A SHORT TIME THE OPENING WAS LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO CRAWL THROUGH. 'HERE SHE IS!' CRIED GEORGE, PASSING THE GIRL TO HIS SHIPMATE. 'HANDLE HER CAREFULLY, TOM.'"

READ OUR NEW STORY.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

Or,

The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

By **ROGER STARBUCK.**

CHAPTER I.

THE HOSTILE CAPTAIN.

"Through storm and wave and blinding mist, stout
are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the seaboats
of Cape Ann." —JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"THOSE Nova Scotia chaps are getting too 'rumpacious.' Darn 'em! I wish their own fishbones would choke em! Keep your weather eye open, George, and don't let 'em get the best of you."

"Ay, ay, they'll not get the better of the little *Columbia*. Wherever there's a chance for a good haul of cod or mackerel, there you'll find the *Columbia*, with the Stars and Stripes at her gaff."

"Hah! hah! my boy; so you always h'ist your colors when you're fishing?"

"Ay, ay, Old Tom, for there's something cheering in seeing them wave. It's a habit I got from my father. He used to do it when he was alive."

"A better fisher than Ned Holt, your father, was never born, and I don't blame you for imitating anything he did. I've seen him take in his four hundred and fifty cod at one haul many a time."

The speaker was a man of sixty. His lean face was brown and weather-beaten, his form tall, sinewy, and still as straight as a poplar. As yet there were but a few streaks of gray in his raven hair, and his blue eyes were as keen and as bright as ever. Strong, hardy, powerful and resolute, "Old Tom," as he was called, was a good specimen of the fishermen of Gloucester, coast of Massachusetts. Lately, having lost his own vessel, he had entered into partnership with the person whom he had just addressed.

This was the captain of the schooner *Columbia*, which was already making the water fly about her bows as she keeled over before a smacking breeze on her way seaward from the harbor of Gloucester.

George Holt, the name of the young master and owner of the schooner, was a fine-looking, intelligent youth of nineteen. He was strong and well made, with broad, square shoulders, a handsome, ruddy face, blue eyes and light-brown hair. He wore a nautical suit of blue cloth, his shirt, of the same hue, being open at the throat and fitting loosely, so as to give free play to his arms and chest.

A neater-looking craft than the schooner *Columbia* could scarcely be imagined.

Painted black from stem to stern, her bows were sharp, yet gracefully curved; her deck was scrubbed until the planks looked almost white, and her tall, raking masts were so well scraped and slushed that they glistened like those of a sloop-of-war. Besides her mainsail, foresail, topmast staysails and jib, she carried a maintopmast staysail, which at times was of great service to her. She could sail equally as well before or on the wind; in fact, she had the reputation of being the swiftest vessel of the fishing fleet, and her captain had good reason to feel proud of her.

His crew numbered fifteen hardy young fellows, selected from the best seamen in Gloucester, trained, almost from their childhood, to a life on the water, and much attached to their young commander, who treated them like brothers, and who, on trying occasions, would lend a hand to reef or stow a sail.

The schooner had lately been freshly painted; besides which she carried an entire new set of canvas, and as she now bowled along, under her mainsail, foresail and jib, on that bright morning in July, 18—, she made a fine appearance. Gliding past Ten Pound Island and well up to the wind, so as to give Eastern Point a wide berth, she soon had the lighthouse and fort on this point to leeward, and Stage Fort on the west shore to windward.

Vailed in a slight mist, tinted with the rosy beams of the morning sun, towered the hills of East Gloucester, broad off the weather quarter, the spires of the churches and the roof of the City Hall glistening in the light, the ruins of the old fort on Fort Point looming up nearer the water. Astern lay the larger City of Gloucester, the sound of one of its church-bells mingling with the roar of the seas that came rolling in upon the Bass Rocks.

Behind the city, rising like a giant keeping watch and ward over it, towered lofty Beacon Po'e Hill, with the dim outline of forest-trees beyond.

At length, shooting from the outer harbor, the *Columbia* plunged her bows into the open ocean, with the rugged cliff containing Rafe's chasm now off her lee quarter and the bleak hills of Cape Ann looming up still further to the north.

"Here we are," cried old Tom, "with a good westerly breeze. Set both gaffs, George, and let us make the most of it."

"Ay, ay," said George. "Forward, there, boys," he added, addressing his crew. "Set both gaffs and the maintopmast staysail."

The additional canvas sent the little craft through the water at a swift rate.

About a point off the weather bow, heading toward the south and east, another schooner had for some time been noticed by the crew of the *Columbia*.

She was larger and heavier than the American craft; her bows were not so sharp, and the cut of her sails was more square.

"A Nova Scotia fellow, that," remarked old Tom to George.

"Yes, and I wish she'd keep off a little. She will otherwise be crossing our forefoot, just about the time we reach her."

The Nova Scotian, however, did not alter his course a hair's breadth. On he came, and soon the two vessels were within speaking distance of each other.

"Schooner ahoy!" shouted the other captain.

"Ahoy!" answered George.

"Luff up there," cried the stranger, in a loud, authoritative voice.

"No, thank you," responded George. "I am not going to lose the advantage of this wind."

"Don't you see where you are going to?" roared the other captain.

"No man sees that better that I do," replied George.

"Do you want to run afoul of us? We are going to cross your forefoot! Luff up! luff up, I say!"

In his excitement, the English captain, a stout, dark young fellow, of about the same age as George, sprang upon the rail and shook his fist at the other.

George laughed.

Then, applying his trumpet to his mouth, he answered:

"I say *no!* It is your place to keep off if you don't want me to run afoul of you. Keep off and cross my stern. You will lose nothing by that on the course you are heading, whereas I would lose much by luffing up."

"And I say you *deserve* to lose! What right have you on our fishing-grounds, where I suppose you are bound to? Luff up! this is an English colony craft!"

As he spoke the Nova Scotian made a sign to some of his men, and up went the British colors at his gaff.

"There's my flag," he continued. "Now see if you will luff!"

George laughed again.

"I say, Old Tom," he added, turning to his companion, whose whole face was wrinkled with a broad grin, as he stood with his rather prominent nose thrust into the wind's eye, "let him see *our* colors."

"Ay, ay, George, p'raps it'll soothe his narves," answered Tom, as he went to procure the flag.

He soon had it bent on to the halliards, and the next moment up it went, the broad stripes and bright stars showing plainly as it waved on the wind.

"There, darn me," cried old Tom, looking up at the colors with much satisfaction; "he must see, if he ain't blind, that our flag is the purtier of the two."

The other captain, not seeming to notice the flag, continued to shout and gesticulate, calling upon George to luff.

"You had better take my advice," he said. "There are my *colors*, and if you run into me, remember you run into a British craft!"

"If you keep out of my way I will not run into you," returned George. "Otherwise I shall have to do it."

"Confound you! luff, I say!" repeated the Briton, angrily.

"It is your place to keep *off!*" cried George. "That is easier than for me to luff up and lose the advantage of this wind."

The Novia Scotia captain, however, would not diverge from his course, and George was equally obstinate on his side.

The consequence was that, in passing the other schooner, the jibboom of the *Columbia*, striking the end of her spanker boom, took off about an inch of it.

At this the captain of the *St. George*—for such was the name on the vessel's stern—shook his fist at the youth.

"I'll pay you for that as sure as my name is Will Brunt, even though you run away from me now!" he roared.

The next moment he was heading toward the *Columbia*.

Holt at once luffed up into the wind.

"I have not the slightest desire to run from you!" he shouted. "If you have anything further to say, come aboard and say it."

"I have more to *do* than to *say*," answered Brunt.

The captain had luffed up, and was lowering a boat.

The boat was well manned, and with the captain in the stern-sheets, soon was alongside.

The captain sprang aboard.

"You knew," he cried, fiercely, to George, who had advanced to meet him, "that mine was a Nova Scotia craft?"

"That's plain to be seen," answered the other, calmly.

"Well, sir, I want you to pay for damages."

"I owe you no damages," said George. "I warned you to get out of my way and you refused."

"And I warned you to luff up long enough for me to pass."

"I have explained all that. Now I refuse to pay damages, as it would not be right. That's the way it stands."

"I will have my revenge," said Brunt, wrathfully as he turned to leave.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I will prosecute you."

"You will gain nothing by that."

"We shall see," was the answer. "Our vessels are not to be run into with impunity."

He then descended into his boat and pulled for his own craft, which he soon reached.

The vessels were now not less than two ships' length apart—so near, in fact, that each crew could see plainly on the other's deck.

Standing near the rail of the colony craft was a beautiful young girl of sixteen. She was a brunette, with black hair and eyes, a supple, well-rounded form, and small hands and feet. Her features were of almost faultless regularity, yet full of piquant, ever varying expression. Her dark, olive skin glowed with health, her cheeks were smooth, her chin rounded and dimpled.

"Wonder who the gracious that is?" said Old Tom, turning to George. "Wonder if it's the wife of the captain. She's too darned purty to be the wife of *such* a chap."

"Not quite as loud, Old Tom—they'll hear you," said George.

"Don't care much if they *do*," said Tom.

The *St. George* now braced forward and was soon increasing the distance between her and the *Columbia*.

Holt had his own craft on her course, but as she bowled on, the youth now and then looked toward the fast-receding figure of the young girl, whose beauty had made a strong impression upon him.

"I don't think she's his wife," he said, thoughtfully, to Old Tom.

"Maybe she ain't," said Tom; "but look here: don't you go to fallin' in love with a colony gal," he added, looking keenly at the youth.

"No danger of that," said George, laughing; "but really, Tom, I don't think she *is* a colony girl."

"Have you ever seen her before?"

"No; but there's nothing English about her; at least, I did not think so at that distance. I believe she is an American."

"American? What's she doing there, then?"

"That's what puzzled me. But it may be she's French."

"The captain ain't French, at any rate."

"No; he is evidently a Canadian of English parentage. Many of those in the fisheries are that, you know."

"Ay, ay; and *he* looks like a rascal, too."

"So it seemed to me. Depend upon it, he will try to injure us in some underhand way. We have not seen the last of his vessel yet."

In fact, just at dawn on the next day there was the *St. George*, coming down toward the *Columbia*, under a perfect cloud of canvas.

"Ay, ay," said Old Tom; "she must have worked round to windward of us during the night. What in gracious is she doing with all her canvas out at such a time?"

All aboard the *Columbia* were surprised at this, for a heavy squall was now sweeping rapidly toward both vessels from windward, and the American craft was under shortened sail to meet it.

The *St. George* was not more than half a mile distant, and still on she came, without stirring tack or sheet.

"The captain must be mad," said Old Tom, "to carry all that canvas with a blow threatening him so close."

"It would seem so," answered George; "but I think I understand now. The rascal hopes to be able to run us down!"

"Right, by the etarnal jewsharp!" cried Old Tom.

Then he looked round him in dismay.

As often happens at sea, just before a storm, one part of the ocean was calm, while the other parts were ruffled by a strong breeze.

Not three ships' length to windward of the becalmed American schooner the wind was already blowing stiffly.

The *St. George*, having the full advantage of the breeze in her quarter, would therefore reach the other craft ere young Holt could manœuvre to get out of her way.

As she was a stout and heavy craft, and under full sail, she would, if she struck the *Columbia*, hit her about amidships, crush in her timbers and sink her in a few minutes!

"I wish to gracious we had some sort of a gun aboard here!" cried Old Tom. "I'd just like to play 'Hail Columbia' on that chap with a good shot, if he r'ally means to run into us!"

"That's his *intention*," said George, calmly.

"Well, now, seems to me you're rather cool about it, sir."

"I *am* cool, and sorry, too."

"Sorry! Come, now, George, my boy, that's a little *too* mild! I'm an *old man*, but darn me if I ain't mad enough to chop up that Briton into gooseberries!"

"Look just astern of that schooner and you will see that she will never hit us!"

Old Tom peered in the indicated direction, and his brown face lighted up with exultation.

"Oh! the tarnal fool! to keep under all that canvas, with such a fellow coming hand over fist upon him! Whew, whew! I hope to gracious it blows every stick out of him; I hope it turns him wrong side out!"

"Easy there, Old Tom," said George. "Remember there is a girl aboard that craft. It is for *her* sake I feel sorry!"

The appearance of the approaching squall astern of the *St. George* was really terrific.

A black mass of scud and rack, with one huge volume of balloon-shaped vapor, was rushing swiftly along toward the vessel, with the white water and the spray flying up beneath it so high that it almost seemed to touch this cloud-phantom of the storm.

Meanwhile, the hollow, humming noise of the gale, like the blowing of a conch, seemed to fill all the air.

George sprang upon the weather-rail, and stood looking earnestly at the coming vessel.

She was soon within less than a hundred fathoms of the *Columbia*, and still not a hand was raised to take in any of her piles of bellying canvas.

The youth looked for the form of the young girl he had seen on the previous day, but she was nowhere in sight.

This was all the more appalling to him, for if the girl were below, as seemed probable, the greater would be her peril.

On came the *St. George*, but when it was within about fifty fathoms of the *Columbia*, the captain, now evidently perceiving that he could not run into the American before the squall struck him, was heard issuing the order to take in sail.

But, hoping to the last to accomplish his purpose of sinking the *Columbia*, he had waited too long ere giving that order.

Scarcely had the sails begun to shake and the men to pull on the ropes, when, with the fury of a thousand guns, the storm pounced upon the vessel.

Half shrouded in scud and rack, she lay far over on her beam-ends.

Efforts were vainly made to right her. Her tall, canvas-covered masts bowed still further over—lower, lower, lower, until at last her sails dipped in the angry, rushing waters.

Slowly she bowed at first, further and further over; then, her helmsman unable longer to work the wheel, she gave one wild sheer to starboard, as if making a despairing effort to lift herself, and *then*, with a sudden pitch, away she went, burying yards, canvas and masts in the ocean, and half turning her coppered bottom up on the stormy, foaming waves. She had capsized!

CHAPTER II.

IN PERIL.

WHEN George Holt had perceived that the shooner was going to capsize, he had obeyed his first impulse and ordered his men to stand by the quarter-boat.

Now, however, the storm came rushing down upon the *Columbia* with a fury which rendered it impossible to lower.

Roaring, howling and whistling, the gale swept through his shrouds, driving his vessel through the water at a terrific rate of speed, with cracking masts and humming timbers.

The spray was tossed up almost to his mast-heads, vailing the craft in a white shroud, through which nothing could be seen at a greater distance than a few fathoms.

"It's all up with the poor wretches by this time," remarked Old Tom. "I feel sorry for the sailors and for the gal."

"Ay, ay," said the young captain, in a sad voice; "it does not seem as if there is much hope for them now."

He peered through the white mist of flying spray astern, vainly striving to obtain a glimpse of the capsized vessel.

"The blow will not last long," he said. "We may be able to lower in a short time. It may not even then be too late to pick up some of those unfortunates."

Anxiously he watched the progress of the storm. As it was only a squall, there was a prospect of its soon passing to leeward.

The rack and scud, however, still kept rushing along from windward, and to the impatient young captain it seemed as if its end would never come.

At last the violence of the gale abated.

A gleam of sunshine streamed down through the flying clouds, and the worst of the squall had passed over the schooner.

George gave instant orders to veer round. The men sprang to tacks and sheets, and in a few minutes after the *Columbia* was dashing along on her new course.

Glass in hand, the youth sprang upon the bow and looked for the overturned vessel.

He soon beheld her, lying nearly bottom up, about two miles off, and he fancied he could see a few persons clinging to her keel.

"I don't see the gal," said Old Tom, who was by his side.

"No," answered George, sadly. "The poor thing has probably perished, as she must have been below when the craft went over."

"God have marcy on her!" cried Tom; "so young, and so purty, too!"

George turned aside to hide the moisture which had gathered in his eyes.

"You are right, Old Tom," he said, in a hoarse voice. "She was too young to suffer such a fate."

Several of the poor wretches clinging to the keel were now seen waving their arms to the people aboard the *Columbia*.

"One of those chaps is the captain," said Old Tom, as he looked through the glass which George had passed to him. "*He* doesn't make motions to us. That's like a Britisher. I'd bet a hundred pumpkins that he'd sooner this minute go down to the bottom than be saved by *us!*"

"No, no; you go a little too far, I think. He may not like the idea of being rescued by the same people he had hoped to destroy, but he'll be glad enough to be saved, nevertheless."

"P'r'aps you are right; but I'll be darned to gracious if I don't wish he *had* gone to the bottom!"

"He's there, and we must save him, for all that."

"Ay, ay, I s'pose we must; but I'd just like to give him a dig in the eye afterward."

The *Columbia*, dashing on, was soon within a quarter of a mile of the capsized craft.

Then George lowered his boat, taking with him Old Tom and a good crew, and leaving the schooner in charge of Mr. Coleman, his first mate.

The long-limbed young fellows at the oars pulled a good stroke, and the boat arrived in a short time alongside of the overturned craft.

Five men, including Brunt, the captain, were clinging to the keel.

They were all helped into the boat. Brunt sullenly took his place on one of the thwarts.

"You had a girl aboard," said George. "Is she lost?"

"I think so," said Brunt. "If you had come sooner she might have been saved."

"And how to gracious do you s'pose we could have come sooner?" cried Old Tom. "You may feel thankful that we came at all, after your having tried to run us down."

"*I* did not ask you to come," said Brunt. "You did it of your own accord."

"The girl was below when the schooner went over?" said George to the captain.

"Yes. A few minutes ago we heard her cry out. Since then we have not heard her, and I believe she has perished by this time."

George took off his jacket and shoes.

"What's going to be done, now?" inquired Old Tom.

"I am going to look for that girl," said George.

"It is of no use," remarked Captain Brunt. "Had it been possible to save her, I should have done so. She must be drowned by this time."

"Dead or alive, I will go try and bring her out," responded George.

"Come, now," said Old Tom, laying a hand on the arm of the youth, "I rather guess you'd better not go. No use of risking your life for a dead gal."

"She may not be dead," said George. "I am going to see, at any rate."

The schooner, as already stated, was not turned quite bottom up.

A portion of her cabin house, half submerged in the water, was still visible, although forward she was more deeply immersed.

Old Tom suddenly pointed to a number of human heads, about eight in all, which now became visible on the water.

"The gal may be one of them," he said; "let us pull up to 'em and see."

The first one reached was a bald head, the smooth, hairless skull bobbing up and down near the surface of the sea.

It belonged to a middle-aged man, who, as he was partly raised from the ocean, and his sightless, staring eyes became visible, was found to be stone-dead.

"Bill Turk," said Captain Brunt. "My first officer."

The next face examined was that of a boy of fifteen, whose long fair hair streamed far out on the water.

He wore a red shirt and a dark-gray trowsers, confined about his waist with a belt, in which was a knife-sheath.

The knife was still held in an iron clutch, his rigid fingers being closed tightly about the handle.

A coil of rope had become entangled around his neck while he was struggling to extricate himself from his fearful situation under the overturned craft, and he had doubtless drawn the knife to cut himself clear of it. The rope was still about his throat, and this had evidently hastened his death.

"Tom Cummings," said Brunt. "He was a clever lad."

Six more bodies were examined, all those of men, which, after death, had thus floated to the surface.

"That makes my whole crew," said Brunt, "with those who have been saved."

"Thunderation!" cried Old Tom; "I wouldn't be in your place for a thousand pounds of codfish! Your conscience must bite some—ay, it sartinly must, when you think that you are the cause of what's happened! Haven't you tried to run us down, you——"

"The girl has not come up yet," interrupted George; "I will lose no more time."

"She must be dead by this," said Old Tom. "Come, my boy, take my advice and don't go. You——"

George waited not to hear more.

He dived headlong from the boat, and struck out under water where he supposed the companionway to be situated.

He reached it and swam straight through it into the cabin.

Keeping his eyes open, he rose to the surface of the water inside of the cabin.

In the half-inverted position of the apartment, the floor was nearly above him. There was between it and his head a space of about three feet. He swam hither and thither, looking keenly about him, but he saw no sign of the young girl.

"Is there any one here?" he called.

There was no response.

Again he called.

This time he fancied he heard a gurgling, half-smothered gasp, with which was blended a slight, splashing noise!

This sound might have been caused by a fish.

George looked in the direction of the noise. It seemed to come from another room, the door of which was closed.

He struck out for that door and endeavored to open it, but could not. It was evidently locked on the inside.

"Any one there?" he called again.

Again the gasping noise and the splash.

"Good God! there is some one there!" he cried. "Can you not unlock the dooor?" he added.

The next moment he became aware of the folly of putting such a question. The inverted position of the door, half buried, too, as it was in the water, would have prevented any person from unlocking it.

George looked about him for some instrument with which he might beat open the door. For some minutes his search was in vain, but at last his gaze was caught by a hatchet, which had become wedged between the edge of the run-hatch and the floor.

He soon had the weapon in his hand, and was striking manfully at the door.

He had to deal it many blows ere it yielded. Then he found it difficult to open, owing to the pressure of the water against it.

At last, however, he was successful. Once opened, the door remained so.

He swam into the room.

But the light was too faint for him to discover anything at first.

Gradually his eyes became used to the partial gloom, then the first object he saw was the head and face of a young girl turned toward him.

"At last!" he cried. "Thank God, I can save you now!"

But the girl made no response.

There she was, immersed to her chin in the water, hanging senseless from the straps of a trunk, which was lashed to the floor, and through which she had thrust one of her arms. Her hands were clasped, so that her two arms formed a sort of ring, and thus she was held to her position, her eyes half closed, her face deathly pale, her long, dark hair in wavy masses streaming out from her head.

George recognized the same person he had previously seen on the deck of the vessel, and his heart bounded at the joyful thought that he would succeed in saving this beautiful creature. A minute later and, half unconscious as she was, she might have relaxed her hold of the trunk and have been drowned.

"Have no fear," cried George, as he at once swam to her side; "I have come to save you."

She did not answer him, but he could see her lips move.

He loosened her arm from the friendly strap, which alone had been the means of her salvation thus far, and holding her with one arm, he swam for the open doorway with the other.

"All right!" he shouted, hoping Old Tom would hear him. "I have got her."

A faint response outside of the craft betokened that his voice had reached his friends.

But just then George heard another sound, which struck him with dismay.

It was a rippling, bubbling sort of noise, which at once warned him that the craft was about to turn entirely over.

Should this happen, he knew that it would be impossible for him to get out from under the vessel.

The companionway door would be closed by the pressure of the water, and would resist all his efforts to open it, even should he succeed, encumbered as he was with his burden, in reaching it.

In fact, the occurrence he anticipated took place even while he was thinking of it.

The schooner turned completely over, and he now found himself in total darkness, with the space above his head narrowed to two feet.

"Ho, there, outside!" he shouted.

There was no reply.

He shouted again; still no reply.

His voice was not heard through the thick timbers of the craft.

All at once, however, he heard a knocking near him. It was probably Old Tom pounding against the vessel's counter.

George swam to the spot above which was the knocking, and struck it a number of blows with his clinched fist.

That he was heard was evinced by the increased rapidity of the blows.

Suddenly the blows became louder.

"We are saved!" he cried, forgetting that his fair companion was senseless. "They are forcing a hole through the timbers with an ax, which, fortunately, I brought with me in the boat."

Probably two whole hours elapsed before a hole was made in the vessel.

During all that time George still supported his precious burden.

He thrust one of his arms through a ringbolt in the floor, and was thus enabled to bear up with the weight he held.

She had now regained consciousness, and for the first time George heard her speak, as she lay with her heart beating against his.

"What is this? Where am I?" she gasped.

"You are in the overturned schooner. I have come to save you. My men are working for us, and will soon have us out of this."

"Who are you?"

"George Holt, captain of another vessel, the *Columbia*, from which I saw this one go over."

"Thank God! then we shall really be rescued?"

"Yes; see there!" he added, as a hole now appeared in the timbers of the craft.

The men outside worked vigorously, each one probably taking a spell at the ax.

The hole was soon large enough for Old Tom to thrust his head through it.

"Hello there! All right, my boy?"

"All right!" answered George, cheerily; "here we are!"

Old Tom laughed for joy.

He withdrew his head, and the ax was worked more rapidly than ever.

In a short time after, the opening was quite large enough for a man to crawl through it.

"Here she is!" cried George, passing the girl to his shipmate. "Handle her carefully, Old Tom!"

"Ay, ay! I swear to gracious you needn't be afraid of me. The poor child is safe enough in my arms."

She was drawn through the opening and was deposited in the boat, after which George was pulled through.

Then there was a hearty cheer from the *Columbia's* men, in which those of the lost vessel also joined.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE.

CAPTAIN BRUNT held out his hand to the young girl.

"Glad enough I am, Miss Palmer, to see you safe," he said. "Believe me, had I known you were alive under that vessel I should have been the first to go to your rescue."

She made no reply, and quietly withdrew her hand. Her gaze was fixed upon the handsome face of her young preserver.

"You have been very kind and very brave," she said, gratefully, "to run so great a risk for a stranger."

"I only did my duty," said George, bowing. "I am so glad I was successful."

Captain Brunt sneered.

"I suppose that is a reflection upon me," he said. "But I can tell you I should have been as quick as you to save the young lady, had I believed she was alive."

"Enough of this," said George, sternly. "My mind is made up as to your character."

"And what conclusion have you arrived at?"

"That you are a rascal," answered George, promptly—"a rascally villain!"

Brunt's face reddened.

"You have insulted me before a lady," he said, "and I must have satisfaction!"

"Any time you like," answered George.

"Oh, do not quarrel!" said Miss Palmer. "You must not do that."

The two captains glared at each other, but not a word more passed between them while they were in the boat.

This was now headed for the schooner, alongside of which it soon arrived.

"We will put back to Gloucester," said George to the young girl, "and there you can take passage aboard some vessel for your destination."

"I was going to Plymouth aboard that unfortunate vessel," said Miss Palmer, "although I have no relatives there now," she added, sadly, her eyes filling with tears. "About a year ago I left Plymouth aboard my father's schooner, the *Falcon*, bound for the fishing-grounds. Besides my father, another relative, my cousin, who was first mate, was aboard. My father, arriving off Novia Scotia, took me ashore there and left me with a friend of his—an old widow lady, with whom I was to remain until the end of the fishing season, when he intended to take me back with him to Plymouth.

"The season ended and he did not come. We made inquiries, and learned that his vessel was missing—had mysteriously disappeared."

"I have heard about that," said George. "It was talked about in Gloucester for some months past. "It was a strange disappearance."

"Yes. The vessel was last seen heading due north. Since then no trace of her has been discovered. Some people think she has foundered, others that she went too far north, was caught in the ice, and that she may yet return."

George shook his head.

"No fishing captain would allow himself to be caught thus in the ice. I have heard that Captain Palmer was a skillful sailor. Depend upon it, that conjecture about the ice is not the right one."

"You think, then, that the vessel foundered or went to pieces on rocks?"

"Had she done so, it is almost certain that some trace of her would have been found—some floating article belonging to her picked up."

"Then what *could* have become of her?" cried Miss Palmer, clasping her hands and speaking in a choked voice.

She moved close to him, and in her earnestness laid a hand on his arms, as if she felt confident that he could solve the mystery.

This confidence strongly appealed to his manly sympathies.

"I would give worlds to be able to answer your question," he said.

"Oh, if you only could, if you only could!" she said, wringing her hands, and tears gleaming in her eyes, "how glad it would make me! I waited and waited, vainly hoping to get some news of my father's missing craft, but in vain. At last I started to return to Plymouth by the first vessel bound there. That vessel was the *St. George*. I would rather have taken passage aboard an American craft, could I have done so, but there was none there then to sail for Plymouth."

"You will find a vessel in Gloucester bound there in a few days, I am happy to say."

"Thank you, but I am pained to think of obliging you to return to a port you have just left."

"It will not hinder me much," said George. "And now, if you will step below into my cabin, you will find a sister of my partner, Old Tom, who will give you some dry garments."

He conducted her below, where he was met by Tom's sister, an old spinster much devoted to her brother, whom she had insisted on accompanying to sea.

She seemed pleased with Miss Palmer at a glance, and at once took her to the little room which served as her quarters.

Meanwhile, Captain Brunt stood by the weather rail, thoughtfully gazing toward the spot where lay his capsized craft.

George drew Old Tom to one side.

"I have a new plan," he said.

Tom looked at him in surprise.

"It is to fish, and at the same time make a search for the lost *Falcon*."

"How in gracious can we do that?"

"Easily. We can first make a good haul of cod, and leave it all with our friend Burrows at Nova Scotia. Then we can go on the search for the missing craft, and take in our load as we come back."

Old Tom looked keenly at George a moment; then he slapped him on the shoulder as he leaned back, his mouth wide open and a broad grin wrinkling his face.

"Well, well," he said, at last, "I can't blame you. The young women used to play the mischief with *me*, too, when I was of your age. We will do as you say, for I'm darned if I, too, don't feel sorry for that poor gal, left as she is to shift all by herself."

"Then it is settled, and I will tell her so," said George. "Perhaps she would rather go on with us than have us put back with her to Gloucester."

Miss Palmer came on deck, half an hour after, having on a dry suit with which Tom's sister had furnished her.

"I am going to look for your father's vessel," George said, a minute later.

"You?" she said, in surprise.

"Yes, after I make a haul of fish."

He then explained, as he had done to his old friend. The girl seemed overjoyed at this.

"Something tells me that you will find my father," she said. "But will not this be a great hindrance and loss to you?"

"No; I shall be glad if I am successful."

"I will go with you, then, if you will let me," said Miss Palmer.

"It would please me, above all things, to have you aboard my craft. I shall touch at Nova Scotia, so as to explain any intentions to my friend Burrows, who will take care of my cargo until I can come back."

"And there I can purchase such articles as I will need during the cruise," said the young girl.

Thus the matter was arranged, after which Miss Palmer went below.

George then thought fit to disclose his intentions to Captain Brunt, and inform him that he would land him at Nova Scotia.

This young man listened with a dark and sullen countenance.

"It will be time wasted," he said. "However, you know your own business best. In my opinion you will never find Bertha Palmer's father. I suppose you mean to land me and my men at Nova Scotia, if we do not, before then, meet with some colony craft?"

"That was my intention."

"I will pay you for board and lodging while myself and men are here."

"No; I want no pay."

"I will accept no favors from one against whom I have a grudge. I shall always look upon you as an enemy."

"That is a matter of indifference to me, so long as you do not attempt to interfere with me in any way. You do not deny that you attempted to run me down with your craft?"

"No; I acknowledge it. Do you mean to prosecute me?"

"No, I think you have already been sufficiently punished."

"You throw up my misfortune to me?"

"You forced me to it."

"Had I another vessel I would again try to run you down. If I could have my way, I would sweep you and every other American from our fishing-grounds."

"Fortunately, you will never have your way in that respect. You seem to be a villain of the worst type."

Brunt's face darkened with anger.

"You and I have an account to settle," he said. "I challenge you to fight me to the death."

"I shall not refuse you, although I regret the necessity of coming in contact with so great a rascal as yourself."

"You are a cowardly scamp; you are trying to sneak out of it, but you shall fight me *now*."

With that he struck George in the face.

In an instant something went through the air with a whirring sound.

It was the fist of the young American, shooting straight out from the shoulder.

Brunt, struck between the eyes, was knocked back against the rail. He was, however, a sturdy fellow, and seemed scarcely to feel the effect of the blow.

He returned it, and now the "battle" commenced in good earnest.

Brunt was the heavier of the two, but George was more active than he.

The sailors gathered round the combatants, but made no attempt to separate them.

"Fair play is the word," cried Old Tom. "To my notion it's best for 'em to fight it out."

"Ay, ay, fair play, fair play!" echoed Brunt's men, who seemed to greatly enjoy the "sport."

For some time the result of the combat seemed doubtful.

Brunt's blows fell like a sledge-hammer, but George gave him "two to his one."

At last, watching his chance, Brunt caught his opponent by his hair, and, with a smile of triumph, he was about to pull his head down, so as to have everything his own way, when George, with a sudden forward spring, butted him in the breast with his skull, knocking him flat upon his back.

"Hello!" cried Old Tom, "how's that?"

The prostrate man, with a roar of rage like that of a maddened bull, sprang to his feet and dashed at his antagonist with redoubled fury.

"I swear to gracious, he's *game!*" cried Old Tom.

"Captain Brunt forever!" shouted one of the colony men.

"Hooray for the British lion!" cried another.

"Thunderation! wait till you see the American eagle!" yelled Old Tom, clapping his huge, horny palms together with a report like that of a musket.

Coolly, quickly and skillfully George parried the blows of his adversary, who now, enraged as he was, fought at a disadvantage.

This enabled the young American to put in several hard blows—one on the bridge of the nose, another over the left eye, and a third in the jaw.

These blows, however, only seemed to add to the dogged resolution of the other.

With unwearied assiduity he plied his huge fists, and now having "toned down" his anger a little, he fought with a steadiness and skill which tried the powers of his opponent to the utmost.

At last, however, George dealt him three such tremendous blows, one after the other, between the eyes and over the right ear, that his brain began to spin round in his head like a top.

A fourth blow on the part of the young American put an end to the combat.

Brunt, knocked half senseless against the rail, was no longer in a fit condition to fight, and he staggered aft, where a sailor brought him a basin of water and some soap.

His face was badly bruised, and that of his opponent also showed marks of the contest.

Bertha Palmer did not hear of what had happened until an hour later.

George then caught her looking at him with an expression of almost tender interest, while she did not appear to pay the slightest attention to Brunt, who was not far off.

"I am sorry you have got the ill-will of that person," she said to the youth.

"Why?"

"Because this will not be the last of it. From what I have heard and seen of him, Mr. Brunt is of an unforgiving and revengeful nature. I am afraid he will try to injure you in some underhand way; at least, that is my opinion, although the man is to me a comparative stranger."

"I do not think he will attempt to meddle with me again," said George. "It was a square fight, and we both ought to feel satisfied."

Bertha smiled.

"I hope there will be no more of it," she said.

Several days passed, during which the *Columbia* had unfavorable winds.

It was a calm, moonlight night, and Bertha stood by the weather-rail, when she felt a hand on her arm. She turned to see Mr. Brunt.

George and Old Tom were below, and there was now no person near the quarter-deck except the man at the wheel.

"Do you see that vessel there, off the starboard quarter, Miss Palmer?" he said, pointing out a sail dimly revealed in the moonlight.

"Yes."

"Well, that is an English vessel. I knew it the moment we sighted her, several hours ago."

"And how may that concern me?"

"I am going to ask Captain Holt to take me and my men aboard of her."

"That would be the best thing you could do," said Bertha, who was really overjoyed at the prospect of his leaving the vessel.

Brunt turned aside his face to hide a scowl.

"You seem pleased at my going?"

"And why not? I think it is better that you and Captain Holt should be apart."

"I have a few words to say to you before I go. Whether you have suspected it or not, I have admired you from the first, and liked you as I never liked any other woman."

Bertha colored.

"I never suspected it, because I never gave the matter a thought," she said. "You will probably see many other women whom you can like better, and——"

"Hold!" interrupted Brunt. "I did not mean merely that I liked you. I love you. I——"

"Enough!" said Bertha. "I will at once save you the trouble of saying more. I could never return any such feeling."

"You do not mean that?"

"I do mean it," answered Bertha, decidedly.

"Perhaps you will change? There may be hope for me in the future."

"No, sir. I tell you the truth when I say that this could never be."

"It might have been," said Brunt, fiercely, "had you never seen this American upstart."

"You have no right to speak to me in that way, sir," said the young girl. "I will hear no more of it."

She turned away from him, and descended into the cabin.

Brunt clinched his fists tightly.

"I will win her yet," he muttered. "But, even if I do not, that accursed Yankee shall never have the satisfaction of making her his wife. I will be even with that young rascal yet."

Next morning the English vessel bore about half a league off the starboard-quarter.

Brunt signified to Old Tom his wish to be taken aboard. Tom informed George, who was at once ready to comply with this request.

Brunt and his men were transferred to the English craft, which was bound to Nova Scotia.

When his boat came back George set all sail, to take advantage of a favorable wind.

In due time he reached that part of the Nova Scotia coast where lived his friend Burrows, an old retired fisherman.

Burrows, on learning his intention, consented to take charge of any cargo he might wish to leave with him.

A few days later, Bertha having purchased such articles of wearing apparel as she would need during the cruise, the young captain got up his anchor and headed for the fishing ground off Newfoundland.

Arrived at last off Grand Bank he anchored in forty fathoms of water.

The day was bright and clear, and as far as the eye could see, at long distances apart, were the sails of the numerous fishing-vessels on the ground.

George had his boats and his lines in readiness.

He ran out about seventy fathoms of cable, and then proceeded to arrange what is usually termed a "bultow."

Lowering two boats, each containing a basket in which the main lines were neatly coiled, George in one and Old Tom in the other, proceeded to "drop them."

This was done as each boat headed away from the schooner, until about two hundred fathoms, with buoys and grapnels at each end, had thus been disposed of.

Each of the two lines had shorter lines attached to it, about seven feet apart, and at the ends of these were the baited hooks for catching the fish.

As there were two or three hundred of these short lines on each main line, it was expected that a good haul would be made before morning.

At night Old Tom took charge of the first watch.

The moon was shining brightly, and Tom, standing by the rail, would now and then cast a sharp glance toward the spot where he had laid his lines.

All at once a boat, shooting round from behind a rock in the distance, caught his gaze.

"Helloa!" he ejaculated, "I'll wager it's some of them colony chaps coming to make mischief with our lines."

In fact, the boat was being pulled straight toward the spot where the lines had been laid.

Tom went below and called George, who was just sinking into a sound sleep.

"I'm afraid there's trouble brewing," said Tom. "Some of them coast fellows are at their tricks."

George was up and dressed in a moment. He had a boat lowered and manned with all his crew except two men. Some of them were provided with guns, and others had crowbars and axes.

"There's a gang of them coast rascals about," said Old Tom, "and now that they see an American fisher, they're ready to make all the mischief they can."

The dark forms of the men in the other boat could now be plainly seen to the number of about fourteen.

George had his boat pulled close to the furthest line, when he ordered his men to stop pulling.

The coast gang hoisted the British flag over their stern-sheets. George immediately raised the Stars and Stripes.

"Ahoy, there!" shouted one of the men in the English boat.

"Ahoy!" answered George.

"You're a little too close to the coast!"

"No, I'm not," answered George, "and I shall come closer before I go further."

"We'll cut your lines for you, if you don't look-out."

"At your peril," responded George. "You know you have no right to do that, and if you try it I shall fire upon you."

A defiant yell was the response.

George, however, remained by his line until the other boat had pulled off.

The gang knew they had no right to cut his lines, and they would not attempt it unless it was under cover of a fog.

They had doubtless hoped, when they set out on this night, that a mist to windward would come down upon them, and screen them from the sight of those aboard the schooner, by the time they rounded the rock.

"Those fellows mean mischief," remarked George. "They intend, if possible, to prevent our making our haul to-morrow morning. A watch should be left on that rock with a gun. The moment he sees the boat passing, which I feel pretty sure will be the case if a fog comes up, he can fire the gun and thus give warning to us."

"Let me go there," said Old Tom. "Darn me if the rascals will escape my sight. Those chaps are from Cape Race. I believe there's a reg'lar gang of them organized to do mischief to American fishers."

"I don't doubt it," said George. "Some of the Newfoundland men seem well-disposed toward our vessels, but you will find 'black sheep' among fishermen as well as others. Captain Brunt, for instance, has proved himself to be one."

"Ay, ay, if all were like him, there'd sartinly be war before long. In my opinion there's Injun blood in that chap."

"You are right there," spoke up a sailor in the boat. "One of Brunt's men told me that the captain's grandfather was an Indian."

"Ay, ay," said Tom, "and that accounts, do you see, for his being of so revengeful a natur'."

"I trust we are rid of him now, at all events," said George. "How far do you think we are from Cape Race, Tom?" he added, looking toward the land looming up in the distance.

"Not more'n ten miles, I should say," answered Tom.

"The strip of fog off there," continued George, pointing to the north and east, "probably hides the boat of those people we have just spoken to."

"I guess so," answered Tom. "Depend upon it, that fog is going to spread, and then they will be back again for mischief."

"I will stand watch," said George. "Keep your ears open for the report of my gun, after you get aboard."

"We will, but I should like to keep watch with you."

"No, Old Tom, one will be enough. Pull to the rock, men."

The boat was soon alongside of the rock. This was not more than thirty feet in area, and the highest part was about fifteen above the surface of the sea. It consisted of rugged masses piled one above the other, forming many small hollows and caves.

George, seizing a gun and providing himself with an ammunition pouch, sprang out upon the rock.

"Now you can return to the schooner," he said to Tom.

"Good-by," said the latter, as the boat shoved off. "Keep a sharp eye about you, sir, and don't let 'em play you any trick."

By the time the boat had reached the schooner the fog had spread over the sea, hiding the vessel from the young captain's sight.

He seated himself on a rock and listened.

Hours passed, but he heard nothing except the wash of the water, and now and then the whirring sound of a sea bird's wing, as the animal swept past him.

The fog had become so thick that he could not see more than a fathom from his position.

A feeling of drowsiness, which he found it almost impossible to resist, gradually stole over him.

In fact his eyelids were closing, when his ear was caught by a noise not far distant, which instantly roused him to wakefulness.

It was the light splash of muffled oars in the water.

He started to his feet and listened intently.

The boat could not be more than forty fathoms off, and believing it to be the one containing the coast-gang, George concluded that his best plan would be to fire off his piece.

Whether he was or was not mistaken, the discharge of the gun could do no harm.

He raised the weapon and fired, the sharp report pealing far along the mist-covered waters.

His conclusion was evidently correct, for he now heard the sound of hoarse voices, as cries of rage and loud oaths were uttered.

The splashing of the oars became more rapid, and the boy knew that the men were approaching the rock.

He loaded his gun, and fearlessly awaited their coming.

(To be continued.)

A FEMALE BLACKSMITH.

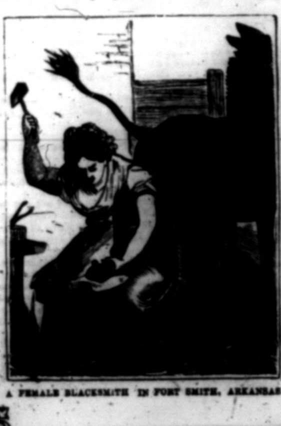
FORT SMITH, Ark., has a woman blacksmith who can throw a mule and shoe him in fifteen minutes by the clock.

LIFTING A LADY'S HEADGEAR.

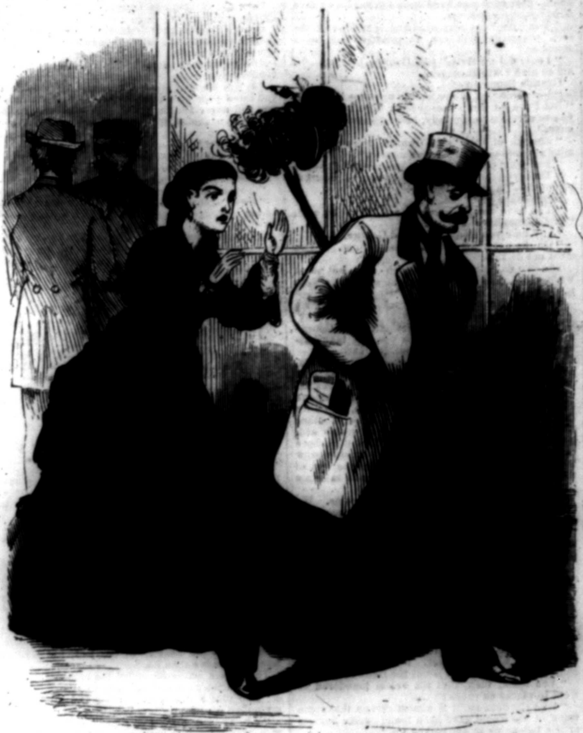
THERE should be a law against carrying, on the streets, umbrellas or other dangerous weapons protruding from under the left arm. A man in Baltimore was rushing along one day with the handle of his umbrella projecting a long way behind at a dangerous angle, when it caught in the headgear of a lady, and took away not only her bonnet, but her curls, puffs and other elaborate adornments of the head, leaving her covered only with confusion.

SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO MANHATTAN BEACH.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, the English swimmer who distinguished himself by swimming across the English Channel without any life-saving apparatus, accomplished with much ease the task of swimming from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach, a direct distance of ten miles, but lengthened to fifteen by the necessities of the course, in five hours and a half, on Wednesday, August 13th. Arriving at the Hook, the party, after a short wait, embarked on the *Priscilla* and steamed around to the Government Dock, Webb undressing the meanwhile. When stripped he weighed 195½ pounds, and stood five feet eight inches in height. He wore nothing except a small cloth about his waist. His body was carefully greased from head to foot, and, putting on a small blue cap, he stood at the bow of the boat ready for the plunge. At twenty-five minutes of nine o'clock A.M. he dived from the boat into the water and swam rapidly to the shore. There he poised himself for a moment or so, and at exactly twenty-two minutes of nine he sprang into the water and began his great swim. The tide was a strong ebb, and the wind very light indeed, and from the south. He swam an even stroke, making very slow progress for the first one-eighth of a mile. When about an eighth of a mile out he passed through a school of mossbunkers without appearing to notice them in the least.



A FEMALE BLACKSMITH IN FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.



LIFTING A LADY'S HEADGEAR.—AN AWKWARD FELLOW IN BALTIMORE CARRIES AWAY A LADY'S BONNET AND FIXINGS ON THE CROOK OF HIS UMBRELLA.

The tide began to run harder as the channel was reached, and for twenty minutes the stroke was about twenty-nine to the minute, a faster stroke by seven than he used in his swim across the English Channel.

At a quarter-past nine the wind died away, and a few minutes later he passed the black-and-white striped channel buoy. A flock of birds now circled around the swimmer's head for a few moments, and they were followed by another school of mossbunkers, who jumped all over and around the swimmer as he pursued the even tenor of his way.

At eleven the first jellyfish were met, and Webb looked anxiously at them to see if they were of the stinging kind, of which he seems more afraid than of sharks. After finding to his satisfaction that they were not stingers, he hailed the boat and said that he was "not at all tired." Nor did he appear to be, as his stroke was now twenty-six a minute. A few moments later the yacht *Rosetta* came close up and some one on board hailed Webb. He turned suddenly completely around and looked at the yacht, and then immediately went on again. He turned and swam a little on his right side at a quarter-past eleven, but only for a few strokes. This was the first change he had made from the time he entered the water.

At one o'clock Webb was swimming twenty-seven strokes to the minute. Five minutes past the hour the red spar-buoy on the middle ground was passed, the wind blowing harder with each moment. At twenty-five minutes past one Webb changed his position for a few strokes, but resumed the old, regular motion again in less than a minute. At exactly half past one Webb stopped for the first time since the start, and treading water near the launch asked for something to drink.

Captain Hartley filled a pewter mug with beer and handed it to Webb, who, treading water the while, drank the contents and threw the cup back into the boat. Webb then swam up beside the boat again and asked for meat, when Captain Hartley took some roast beef, which, breaking into small pieces, he placed in the swimmer's mouth. Webb chewed a small piece about the size of one's finger, and then swam on. He reached the vicinity of the Beach at two o'clock, and then remained in the water three hours longer, in order to keep his engagement to land shortly after five o'clock, the consideration being $1,000. The water was exceedingly rough, and during this time he was tossed here and there like a cork. Now away up on a white-crested wave, now down in a hollow that seemed to have the sand for a bottom, his little blue cap told the watchers that he was all right.

The passengers on the launch had an exciting time during these three hours, and it was with much difficulty the crew could be kept at work until the passengers were transferred to the yacht *Nelly*. Captain Webb landed at 5:05 P. M. fresh and hearty, and there was great enthusiasm over him as they passed through the bathing-house amphitheatre, the men shouting and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and throwing him bouquets, while the British flag floated from the staff above him.

SHE GOT HER BRISTLES.

A YOUNG lady in Rochester wanted some bristles to use in making artificial flowers. She decoyed a hog with a doughnut, and was pulled into the pen. Shrill screams and hoarse grunts were loudly mingled for a time, but the young lady got her bristles.

TOPSY-TURVY;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

"PICK him up, quick!" cried Wilcox, "or that brute will be down on top of us."

And, indeed, scarcely had they lifted and carried him into the open space they had just left, than the creature loosed its hold and came tumbling to the very spot from which they had rescued Sam.

"I am going to finish him, if I never fire another gun," cried Wilcox, and he returned at once to the edge of the cover, from within which could be heard the terrible death-struggles of the animal.

Presently Wilcox caught sight of him, and it was sufficiently terrible.

The beast stood reared upon his hind-legs, while he beat his breast with his arms, producing a noise like that of a drum.

As he stood thus the *Herald* correspondent regarded him with positive awe.

He was at least six feet in height, while his shoulders were a yard in width. His head was shaggy, and his open mouth showed enormous fangs, which projected.

He was covered all over with thick hair, hanging like a mane.

Raising his rifle, which he had hastily loaded, Wilcox shot him in the head; when, with a sullen roar, and a plunge forward, the creature fell prostrate, and a moment after was dead.

As Wilcox returned to his companion, his face was pale and his voice shook.

"Do you know what that is?" he said.

"Some kind of an ape, I should say," answered Greenough.

"It is a gorilla. Come, let us get the boy out of this, for it will not be long before his mate will come to look for him, and I don't care to encounter another of the species."

Sam had already begun to move restlessly, and after Greenough had brought some water from a small stream which trickled near by the rocks, and had thrown it in his face, the boy revived sufficiently to sit up and to speak.

Sam was tough, inured to hardships, and could stand a good deal of rough treatment.

When he could speak and move, he stretched himself, and soon stood upright.

He was a little shaky on his feet, but no bones were broken, and after a few moments he expressed himself as all right, and the three started in haste for the boat, quite satisfied that they had all they wanted of surreptitious exploration.

"How did that fellow chance to get hold of you, Sam?" asked Wilcox, as they approached the boat.

"There was no chance about it. It was a regular put-up job. Confound the coward, he took me from behind, where I couldn't see him coming. You see, I was standing bent over, fixing my shoe. The first thing I knew I got a whack side of the head that knocked me rolling down-hill. The next was that that fellow was leaning over me, pounding his own stomach, and snapping his great teeth at me. I thought I was a goner, sure; but I was so scared I couldn't holler, and in another minute he picked me up as if I had been a doll, and marched up the rocks with me. That was the last thing I knew."

"And if it had not been for Wilcox, you would never have known anything more. I tell you, I never would have had the pluck to fire that first shot."

"Oh, yes, you would, Greenough," responded Wilcox. "It was not so much pluck as to think of doing it."

"That's just it. I would have been afraid of hitting Sam."

"Oh, there was too much of the beast visible, for that fear to trouble me. You see, it was the only chance. I rightly thought that he would drop Sam on feeling the shot, and I knew the fall couldn't kill the boy."

"But supposing you had killed the gorilla?" queried Sam, in his turn.

"I didn't shoot to kill him. I struck him just under the arm that was hanging on to you, and I was quite certain he wouldn't let go his hold on the rock with the other, which he didn't. To-morrow we'll come ashore and skin him."

By this time they had reached the boat, and all three were very glad when they had pulled some distance from the shore.

Before reaching the steamer they met a boat which had started after them, and found that Captain Wortendyke was in it.

When the American had heard that Sam was with the party who had gone ashore—for the rifle shots had awakened him, and brought him on deck to inquire—he had felt the greatest anxiety possible, for he considered Sam his special protégé. Lieutenant Jasper had also wakened and followed him on deck, and arousing some of the crew, they had at once got a boat ready.

The story was soon told, and all returned to the steamer. None of the others had been roused, but the captain waked up Doctor Beaumont, who made a careful examination of the boy, reporting that he was entirely sound, much to his wonder, as he expected to find a rib crushed in by the monster's embrace, at least.

Now that the affair was over, Sam felt quite elated about his adventure, and in the morning, at breakfast, he enjoyed very much being petted by the ladies, and congratulated by every one over his escape.

Wilcox was greatly praised for his intrepidity and decision, and being the first one who had probably ever bagged a gorilla within a few hundred miles of the North Pole, he was esteemed quite a hero.

The incident, not unnaturally, created considerable talk.

If there were gorillas in this newly-discovered land it was likely there were other tropical beasts—possibly lions, tigers, elephants.

Here was a new Central Africa in the Arctic regions. There had been so many extraordinary surprises awaiting the explorers, that there was no further room for amazement at any incident which might occur, or any new development in natural history which might present itself.

One thing was certain, this was no place for ladies, and it was at once determined that Mrs. St. Clair and Emmeline Houghton must remain on board the steamer while the males did the exploring.

A party started after breakfast to proceed on shore and make a general examination of the country, without going into the interior until its characteristics and the nature of its tenants had been ascertained. This party consisted chiefly of officers from the ships and a portion of the crew, all well armed.

At the same time Sam, with Captain Wortendyke, Doctor Beaumont and his two companions of the previous night, started forth after the skin of the gorilla.

The two parties landed together, and all proceeded under the guidance of Wilcox to the spot where the occurrence had taken place.

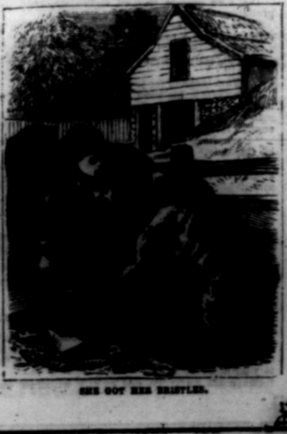
Here, on entering the underbrush, the tremendous body of the dead gorilla was found lying on its back, precisely as it had fallen.

After inspecting it for a few minutes the *Jeannette* party started on their tramp, while the others remained where they were and proceeded to skin the gorilla.

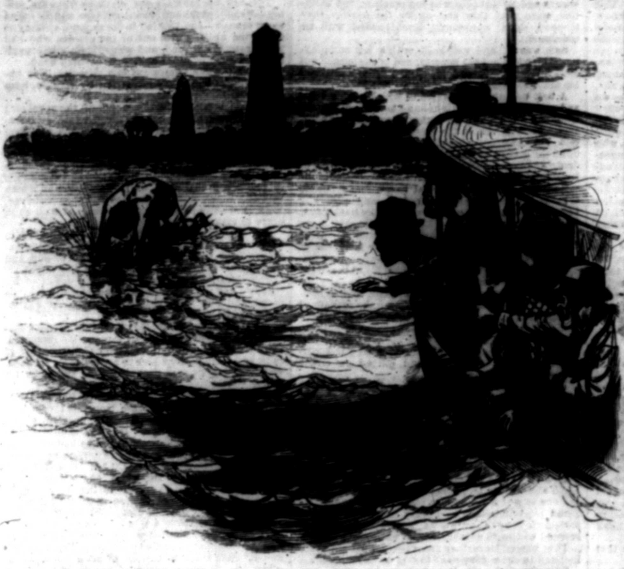
This was a labor of a couple of hours, after which the skin was taken in charge by Doctor Beaumont, who was an expert amateur taxidermist, and who promised to preserve it in lifelike form in due season.

While the doctor was rowed on board the *Jeannette* with his prize, the others wandered along near the shore, obtaining a general idea of the nature of the country.

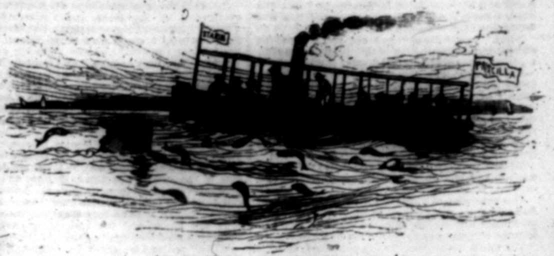
Arrangements had been made to meet the boat some hours later at the spot where they had landed, so there was nothing to prevent them from extending their journey if they desired. The ship's party



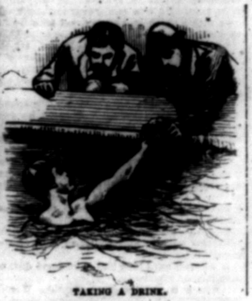
SHE GOT HER BRISTLES.



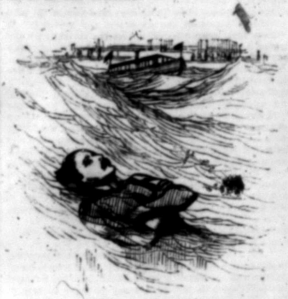
SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO MANHATTAN BEACH.—THE START FROM SANDY HOOK.



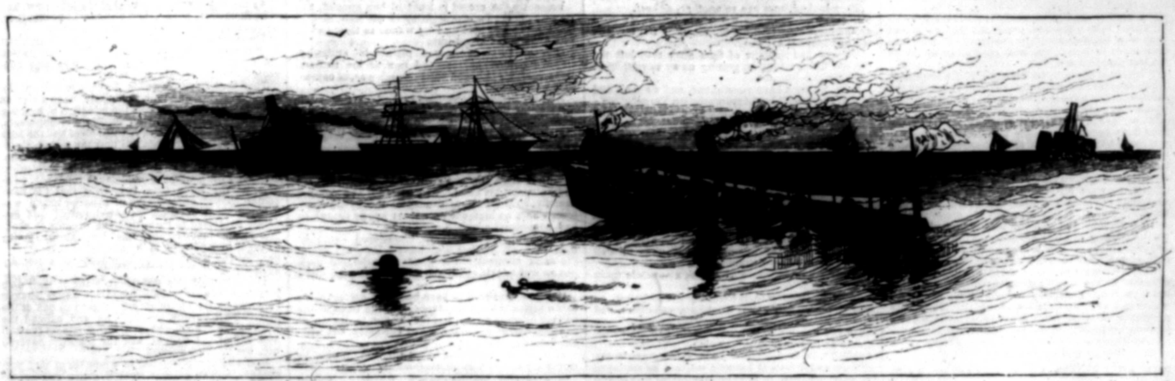
MOSSBUNKERS JUMPING OVER THE SWIMMER.



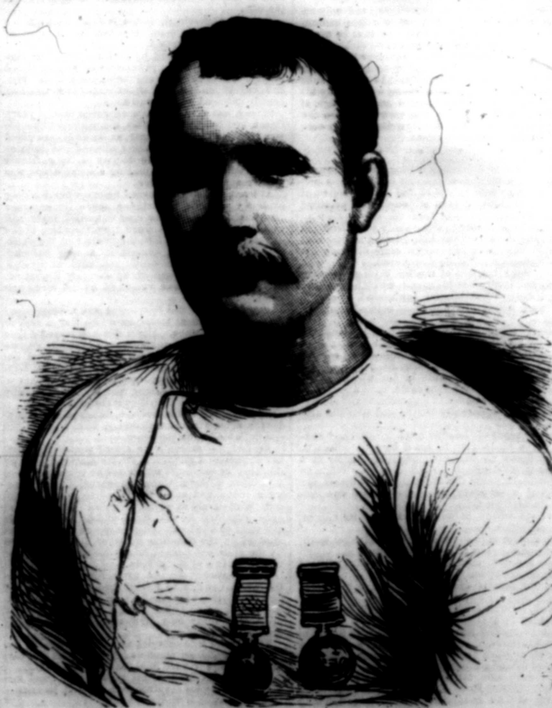
TAKING A DRINK.



TOSSED ON THE WAVES.



SWIMMING FROM SANDY HOOK TO MANHATTAN BEACH.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE, LOOKING FROM SANDY HOOK.



CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, LONG DISTANCE SWIMMER.

had pushed straight for the volcano, so Captain Wortendyke headed in a direction at right angles with them, in order to be out of danger from their firearms.

The ground over which they walked was uneven, but was not difficult traveling. It extended for some distance westward comparatively level, though running along the base of a series of low foot-hills. But after about two miles of this the foot-hills terminated abruptly, and our explorers found themselves at the edge of an extensive basin, reaching far back to the range of highlands, in the midst of which towered the smoking volcano.

This basin was an almost level plateau, many miles in extent, but seemed curious, broken at intervals in the distance by strangely-appearing upright ledges of rock, looking like walls.

Standing for a moment and looking over the expanse, Captain Wortendyke felt himself touched on the shoulder as though to attract his attention, and turning, found Sam at his elbow, the others having moved a few steps in advance of them.

"Well, my lad, what is it?" said he.

For answer Sam kicked something on the ground, and pointed to it.

The captain stooped and looked at the object, which seemed to be a piece of stone of a curious shape.

Taking it in his hand, the captain regarded it curiously.

"Why, it's a stone ax-head," said he, astonished.

"That is what I thought," remarked Sam. "The man I used to work for in Lima had a museum, and I have seen just such things there."

Captain Wortendyke was astonished, and with reason.

Here, on the surface of the ground, was a relic, the like of which he had never known to be found, except by excavation far into the earth, and as a relic of a civilization many thousand years more ancient than our own.

"I wish Doctor Beaumont was here," he said, presently. "He knows more about these things than I do."

"Yes," added Sam, "or the professor; he knows all about 'em."

"Well, we will look and see if we can find some more. Perhaps, after all, this is not artificial, though it looks amazingly like it."

They now joined the others, to whom they exhibited their new discovery, and after talking the matter over, all set themselves to hunting for relics.

It was not many minutes before Wilcox cried out that he had one, and soon Sam found another, and then Captain Wortendyke came upon a number of arrow-heads made of the same material.

"It is perfectly clear, boys, that this place has been inhabited, and that not such a very long time ago," said the captain. "And now I am going to look further into this thing. I have my doubts about those curious walls of rock out yonder."

All started to examine these, which certainly began to assume the appearance of having been made by hand the nearer they approached them.

And on reaching the first line, it was clear that these were the ruins of buildings.

Close inspection showed that they were placed in regular order, forming the walls of extensive structures, and that they had been hewn by hand.

Indeed, on looking out over this plain in the light of these discoveries, it became evident that here had been a settlement of some kind, though Captain Wortendyke did not think that it was an actual town or city, but rather a place of resort. The buildings had plainly been constructed in a fashion too solid, and on too grand a scale, for simple residences.

They were large enough for palaces or churches, and seemed as though they had been once connected, like the many buildings of the Vatican at Rome.

The roofs, if there had been any, were not present, either in their places or broken and scattered beneath. Occasionally the party came upon irregular masses of broken and crumbling stone, which looked as though they had formed altars or tables for sacrifice. There was no sign that the site had suffered from a volcanic eruption, nor was there any evidence of an earthquake or other natural convulsion.

Pushing forward among these ruins, Sam, as usual, in the advance, they came upon an extensive mound of earth, a dozen feet in height, and perhaps sixty in length by twenty wide.

Sam, with his usual impetuosity, ran up the side of this mound, but cried out in terror as he found his feet sinking into it, while the others ran to his assistance.

He had sunk beyond his knees when they reached him, and pulled him from his disagreeable position.

"Pah! I don't like it," said the boy, looking ruefully at the dust about his legs.

"It is nothing but dust," said Wilcox.

"Well, I don't know what it is; it didn't feel like dust when I sunk into it."

"What did it feel like?" inquired the captain.

"Bone-dust."

"Good heavens!" said Greenough, "what an idea!"

But Captain Wortendyke had been struck with the boy's odd remarks, for he knew Sam to be strangely acute in his sensibilities, and unusually accurate in the language with which he described anything. So he began to inspect this heap of dust, and with some care.

Pushing through the cavity which the boy had broken through, and fumbling about there with a stout stick, he presently struck this against something hard and sound.

A few moments working around it loosened the object, and putting his arm into the hole, Captain Wortendyke withdrew his hand, and held up to the view of the others a ghastly object.

It was a human skull!

"Boys," said Captain Wortendyke, after they had gazed at it horror-stricken for a moment. "Sam was right, I believe. That is bone-dust, and this is a monstrous heap of human remains."

"But," said Wilcox, "how can you account for its continuing in existence in this shape for so long a period as must have elapsed since it was made?"

The captain said nothing, but returned to digging in the heap, and in another moment brought out a bone, also obviously human.

And close examination showed that the base of this immense death-pile was composed of skulls and bones in good preservation, while these gradually lost their form as you neared the surface, until then the mass had become mere dust.

While they were discussing the matter they heard a shout, and turning, saw that a reinforcement had arrived.

This consisted of Captain St. Clair, Jasper, Professor Corbeau, and Lieutenant De Vergne, who had seen them with a glass from the steamer, and had become curious to know what they had found.

The whole matter was quickly explained, and the professor, who was in his element, began a close investigation.

He examined the pile of dust and bones, then he carefully inspected the ax-heads and arrow-heads which had been picked up, and after that he devoted his attention to the general appearance of the locality and the structure of the walls.

When he had concluded all this, the professor delivered his opinion.

"As to the place having been inhabited, there is no need of discussing that question. Here are buildings, or their remains, plainly constructed by human hands. Here are implements as evidently artificial. Finally, here we have the remains of this race buried after some fashion with which we have been hitherto unacquainted. But I agree with Captain Wortendyke that this was not their city or place of residence. I imagine this to have been a place of temples and a cemetery. And I suspect we shall find the remains of their domestic life elsewhere."

"And do you think, professor, that all this represents a very remote antiquity?" asked Wilcox.

"No, I do not; at least not as we are accustomed to reckon it. I imagine this people to have been of our own time, but of a stinted and dwarfed civilization. They had not advanced further, certainly, than those who preceded the Aztecs in Mexico. But we can tell better when we strike their dwelling-place."

"What I cannot understand," said Lieutenant De Vergne, "is how the best preserved portion of that heap can be underneath. Certainly, if that was their mode of burial, the best specimens would be the last placed there."

"Well, not necessarily," responded the professor. "This seems to be a peculiar climate, and while the surface, being exposed, would decay quickly, that which was underneath would be protected."

"But, then," continued the lieutenant, "the heap must have been very rapidly formed."

"I will tell you what I think," observed Doctor Beaumont, who had been listening intently. "It looks to me as if this heap represented an immense sacrifice. I believe the dead—whether in battle or otherwise—were all placed here at the same time. And that explains the condition in which we find them."

"Yes," said the *Herald* correspondent, "but what a ghastly and terrible secret it discloses!"

"Precisely. And a secret which it is our business as explorers to investigate and expose."

At this moment all heard shouts coming from the direction of the mountain, from which point could be seen, running rapidly toward them, the party which had gone up from the *Jeannette*. They were all plainly laboring under great excitement, waving their hands to beckon the others toward them.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF SAM.

HURRIEDLY leaving the scene of their strange and monstrous discovery, our friends hastened their steps to meet the advancing party.

"What is it?" cried Captain St. Clair, who was in the advance.

He was answered by one of the officers, who cried out:

"Come quickly! We have found something wonderful."

"So have we," responded the other.

But the actions of the *Jeannette* company were so energetic and demonstrative that, their curiosity being aroused, Captain St. Clair and the rest hurriedly left the scene of their search, and hastened on to join them.

Without waiting, the latter turned and pursued their way toward the mountains, closely followed by the others, who did not catch up with them, however, for nearly an hour.

When they did at length reach them, it was to find them gathered together at the summit of a considerable hill, closely inspecting some object at their feet.

As they approached, the officer who had first called to them arrested their attention by pointing over the edge of the hill in the direction of the broad valley which extended for miles from its base, and which presented to the eyes of the newcomers a wonderful and unexpected scene.

Here was a vast city, teeming with population.

It was laid out in streets, with public squares, fountains and parks at intervals.

The houses were all of one-story, flat-roofed, and built of some white material that glistened in the sunlight.

Here and there a building of more pretension than the rest indicated a place of worship or of public meeting.

Men and women were seen moving about in the streets and in the public squares, in strange, many-hued costumes, formed of the skins of animals and the feathers of birds of brilliant plumage.

It looked like a scene out of the ancient Aztec life of Mexico.

All stood petrified with astonishment at this revelation. Then the attention of the newcomers was directed to the object at their feet.

This was a construction of stone, roughly hewn into the form of an altar, and from the evidences which were about it—in numbers of bones and skulls—it was plain that the place was one for human sacrifice.

It seemed as though this were intended as a warning to the explorers, and its effect was presently felt. Gradually the whole party withdrew behind the edge of the hill to consult.

"What is to be done?" asked the officer to whom we have already alluded, and who was in charge of the *Jeannette* party, and was, in fact, the friend concerning whom Mrs. St. Clair had spoken.

"What do you think of this, doctor?" said Captain St. Clair, without replying otherwise to the question, and addressing Doctor Beaumont.

"I am utterly confused," was the answer. "This overthrows all my ideas, and I scarcely know whether I am dreaming or seeing. But there is one thing certain, I would give those fellows a wide berth."

"That is just my opinion," said Captain Wortendyke; "they are too much in the habit of making away with each other for us to have much chance, judging from this altar, and from the pile of bones we have just left." And then the *Jeannette* party were informed of the nature of the discovery made in the valley below.

"I begin to see," said Doctor Beaumont, who had evidently been considering the matter thoughtfully, "that these people may be the direct descendants of those who populated Mexico, and whose progeny were found there by Cortez. It was always supposed that that race came from the north, as the picture-writing showed that they had traveled on rafts and boats, and the emigration gave other signs of northern origin."

"Yes," put in Lieutenant De Vergne, "and the difficulty in the way of that theory consisted in the fact that they always illustrated the place of their origin by a picture representing a temple and a palm-tree. No one could ever reconcile the palm-tree with a northern country, yet here we have the very situation."

"I would like very much to investigate their history," said Captain St. Clair, meditatively, "but I suspect it would be scarcely safe, and that the commander would not feel justified in risking his vessel and company in their hands."

"I am very sure he would not," responded the officer of the *Jeannette*. "It would be going outside of his orders, and of the intention of his voyage. It might result in our all being overpowered, and the vessel captured, as you hint."

"I quite agree with you," said Captain Wortendyke, "and I think we had better be going, and leave this conundrum for somebody else to guess. I have got as much enterprise as any one, but I have had all I want of surprises, and when I tackle this one I want a man-of-war at my back."

This was the general opinion, and they therefore withdrew quietly, and hastened their steps back toward the shore.

It was not until they had gone some distance that they missed somebody.

"Where is Sam?" cried Captain Wortendyke, suddenly.

They looked from one to another, aghast.

"He stood by my side the whole time we were on the hill," said Captain St. Clair. "Did any one see him leave it with us?"

No one had thought of Sam after they left the hill, all being intent on getting away as rapidly as possible.

"Oh, he must have gone ahead, and we shall find him at the boat," said Lieutenant De Vergne.

But Captain Wortendyke was not satisfied, and returned alone to the altar on the hill, whence he looked once more upon the busy city.

He was about leaving, satisfied that Sam had gone on in advance, when he espied a moving figure at the foot of the hill. A moment's inspection satisfied him that it was Sam, and the intention of the boy was plain to him.

Overcome by his spirit of adventure, and disgusted at the idea of retreating when there was something remarkable to be found out, he had quietly made up his mind to pursue the investigation on his own account, informing no one of his design, as he well knew he would be restrained from going.

Captain Wortendyke's mind was also made up in an instant.

Returning hastily to the waiting group below, he told them in a few words what Sam was doing, and declared his intention of accompanying him. There were not wanting volunteers, but the captain would not listen to any such proposition.

"No," he said; "Sam is, in a measure, in my charge, and it is right I should see that he comes to no harm, or share it, if necessary. The rest of you have no such claim upon you, and you must go back."

He would listen to no objections, and only requested that a boat might be kept within hailing-distance of the shore at all hours, so that he might be sure of escape in an emergency.

Then accepting an additional revolver from Lieutenant De Vergne, and a hunting-knife which was proffered him by one of the sailors, he shook hands all around, and turned back, being watched by his companions until he disappeared over the edge of the hill. The others continued their march to the shore, and entering the boats, were speedily conveyed on board the *Jeannette*.

* * * * * *

The surmise of Captain Wortendyke with regard to the reason for Sam's behavior was perfectly correct. He was determined to find out the secret of this newly-discovered race of people if he perished in the attempt.

He had found it easy to slip quietly away from the others, and once over the hill, guessed rightly that he would have time to proceed some distance before his absence would be discovered.

On reaching the foot of the hill, Sam came upon a broad and level piece of ground, which he speedily crossed, only to find himself confronted by a high stone wall, which had not been noticed from the hilltop.

Walking along by the side of this, he sought a means for entrance, but for some time without success. Outside the wall were gardens with various plants growing therein, but with no one employed about them. It was not until he had walked about a quarter of a mile that Sam came upon a gate.

It was made of wood, and was massive and strong-looking, being apparently hinged and fastened with metal.

The boy scanned the gate after trying it and finding that it was made fast, to see if he could climb it, but it offered no means for even his agility as a climber to take hold of for the purpose. While he was ruminating over this difficulty, he pounded and kicked at it savagely, when the matter was suddenly decided for him.

The gate swung noiselessly back on its hinges, and remained open.

Sam waited, expecting some one would come forth, but no one appearing, he passed through it.

Then the gate closed, still, apparently, without human intervention.

The boy considered this phenomenon for a moment.

"Well, I am in for it now, any how," he said to himself.

Then he pushed forward. He was now in one of the public streets, and he had scarcely walked a dozen steps when he found himself confronted by a group of five or six persons.

They were men, tall and powerful, with copper-colored skins. Sam observed that they wore feathers on their heads, and that they carried long spears and shields. He was too much scared to notice more than this, and as for the natives, they stopped short, apparently dumbfounded with astonishment.

Sam was tall and well-built, with a fair complexion, which had not yet been tanned or sunburned out of its original whiteness. He wore a sailor's suit, and his old Panama hat.

A belt was about his waist, in which were a knife and a revolver. In his right hand he carried a stick, which he had picked up in the course of his excursion. He was not in the least an alarming apparition, yet the effect which his appearance produced upon the groups of stalwart natives who had so suddenly appeared before him was so startling as to be ridiculous.

Stopping only for a moment in the first surprise, they spoke together in their own language, and then began to retreat quietly and silently backward, keeping their faces covered with their shields, as though to shut out some terribly frightful vision.

They reached a corner after a few moments of this slow and retrograde movement—when they disappeared, leaving Sam laughing heartily at the fright he had evidently caused.

"No danger from these chaps," he said to himself. "What a laugh I will have upon the captain!"

He continued leisurely walking in the same direction, but on reaching the corner could see nothing of the natives.

The street upon which he now entered was broad and handsome, well paved, and graced on either side with massive buildings.

It appeared to lead to a public square a short distance away, and thitherward Sam bent his steps. He was glad to see that there seemed to be a considerable crowd of the natives moving about in the square, for he was not now in the least alarmed for his own safety, and he was curious to interview the curious people.

This object he accomplished sooner and less agreeably than he had anticipated.

All at once, as he passed a street which crossed the one in which he was walking at right angles, he found himself, without knowing how it happened, surrounded by a crowd of the inhabitants that seemed to him to number thousands.

They barred his further progress, but did not seem inclined to draw very near to him or to touch him.

Sam stopped still, leaned upon his stick, and looked at them.

Presently the crowd in front of him opened, and way was made for a procession of old men, clad in white robes and holding long wands in their hands, who advanced toward him.

One of these, who was plainly in authority, stepped before the rest, and bowing low to Sam, said something in a loud voice, which was, of course, Greek to the boy.

Nothing disconcerted, Sam replied.

"I would like to have a talk with you and look at your city, but I don't understand your lingo, and I can't crawl over the heads of three or four thousand of you."

There was a dead silence while he was speaking. Then the chief—whom Sam imagined to be a high priest, from his costume—advanced toward the lad and extended his hand. Sam seized it and shook it heartily, to the evident dismay of the by-standers, from whom an ominous roar went up, as though he had committed a sacrilege.

"Something wrong there," muttered Sam; he then took off his hat and bowed low, saying, at the same moment, "For goodness sake, old man, put an end to this chaff, and show me around like a gentleman."

The bow appeared to have been the correct thing to do under the circumstances, for the faces of the natives brightened up, and they began to draw near to the stranger and inspect him curiously, but without touching him.

Sam was now growing impatient, and thought he would try the virtues of pantomime.

Approaching the high priest, he pointed to himself, and then spread his hands in a circle about him, to indicate that he desired to be shown about the city.

He was understood, and a few words from the personage he addressed resulted in an opening being made in the crowd.

Sam was then invited by gestures to place himself in the midst of the procession of flowing-robed gentry, which being done, they closed about him, and moved on up one street and down another, closely followed by the crowd.

Silence was kept, but Sam observed that at every street, and from many houses, the number of people was increased, and at length, as far as his eye could reach, was a mass of waving plumes and floating drapery, mingled with the display of fur garments and metallic ornaments, making a scene which was picturesque and impressive.

At length his guides paused before a low building evidently of some importance, since its entrance was guarded by soldiers, clad in quilted coats, and armed with spears. A word from the chief of the priests opened a way into the interior of the building, and Sam found himself in a long hallway, through which he was conducted, until, at the end, he entered a grand saloon, handsomely decorated, the roof of which was sustained by tall stone columns.

At one end of this apartment was a large raised dais or platform of stone, on which was a seat or throne, also of stone. Upon this was seated a man of splendid presence and gorgeous apparel. Jewels glistened about his neck and arms, which were uncovered. A tiara of gold or brass circled his forehead, and sustained a crown of magnificent feathers. In one hand he held a long metallic rod, curiously embossed or engraved with characters.

Approaching this personage, Sam's principal conductor prostrated himself before him, and did not rise until bidden by the other.

Around the saloon were armed men to the number of at least a hundred. On the platform, besides the king or emperor, whichever he might be, were a number of distinguished-appearing men in handsome robes, and some fifteen or twenty beautiful girls, clad simply in white. Sam's attention was at once attracted by this sight, and he paid but little attention to what was going on before him. He was aroused to the situation, however, by being seized by the arms and pushed briskly forward toward the throne by two of the priests.

This treatment did not agree with Sam's idea of the courtesies due to a distinguished stranger, and he immediately expressed his opinion of it by striking the priest on either hand a sharp blow, which prostrated these two dignitaries and had nearly aroused a revolution.

There were wild outcries and shouts from the by-standers, while an ominous movement on the part of the soldiers warned Sam that he was in peril.

The thought brought his presence of mind into play. Drawing his revolver from his belt, he cocked it, and pointing it upward, fired.

The ball knocked a piece of stone from the ceiling—a small ornament, about as large and as round as an orange—and this fell to the ground, striking as it fell the uplifted arm one of the priests, who had risen from the ground, and was evidently imprecating something or other on Sam's devoted head.

The result was equivalent to a miracle. The uplifted arm of the angry priest fell by his side, limp and useless.

The fire flaming from the mouth of the revolver; the loud report, echoed again and again as it traversed the vast saloon; the blow which punished the priest, and which seemed to be struck from above in answer to the flaming demands of the mysterious stranger—all these wonderful occurrences at once awakened the already aroused superstition of the people to a pitch of fear and dismay which was too much for their nerves and their courage. With loud cries of terror they struggled with each other to make their way out of the building.

The women on the platform shrieked and fled in one direction, the guards turned and escaped in another. Only the kingly figure on the throne, and the priests, and Sam remained in the apartment.

The latter, quite content with the result of his "happy thoughts," had restored his pistol to its place, and now stood quietly regarding the excitement he had caused.

For it was very clear that the fright of the occasion had extended even to those who remained. Only they, being of a finer material, and higher in rank and station, were able to control their feelings, which, in the case of the mob, were too much for them.

The first movement was made by the principal person in authority, who rose from his throne and advanced toward Sam, while the priests retreated, bowing low before him. He was many shades paler through his copper color, but he had evidently plucked up his courage, and was determined to unravel this riddle, so far as might be. Drawing near to Sam, he pointed to the white robe which formed a part of his dress, and then to the lad's face, as though to express his opinion as to the difference of complexion. Sam nodded, and bared his arm to the elbow, showing a skin as white as a babe's.

The chief next pointed at the pistol as though he desired that Sam should explain his pocket thunder-cloud. Sam made a motion to draw the weapon, when His Highness retreated hastily with signs of consternation.

As the boy was getting tired of the interview, and was, moreover, hungry and curious, both together, he stretched out his hand in token of amity.

The chief looked at it in doubt for a moment, but at last very gingerly took hold of it. Sam passed his other hand to the high priest, who also consented, though reluctantly, to accept it.

Then Sam freed his hands, pointed to each of the two dignitaries, and then to himself, made a sign as near as he could to express the intention of blessing everybody, and waited for further developments. The result was satisfactory. The chief and the high priest apparently recognized that the intruder's intentions were friendly, and assumed a cast of countenance indicative of satisfaction. The high priest conveyed the gratifying intelligence to his subordinates, at the same time intimating that the newcomer, though undoubtedly of superior origin, was inclined to treat them good-naturedly; and evidently explained to them that the process of shaking hands imitated by this tremendous young stranger had nothing in it inimical to their safety, but, on the country, was significant of a friendly disposition.

The result of this statement, made in their own language was, that Sam found his hands shaken violently by the entire corps. After this one of the priests went outside the building and calmed the fears of the crowd, and in a few moments the hall was full of the natives, and the platform covered with the startled females.

Sam was now presented to a number of high personages, and a general state of peace was apparently arranged.

He was congratulating himself on the success of his various acts of strategy and diplomacy, and, laughing in his sleeve, was submitting gracefully to the curious examination of those who were privileged to come near him, when there was a confusion of sounds heard without; the crowd opened to admit the passage of some one, and a soldier came hurriedly to the upper end of the hall and prostrated himself before the chief. Being bidden to rise, he did so, and immediately began the recital of a long story, in which Sam did not consider himself interested. But the result proved that in this he was in error. For he soon found that all eyes were directed upon him, and detected from the gestures of the messenger that he was the subject of the story. The relation, whatever it was, proved that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and that Sam had not yet got through his difficulties.

Suddenly there was a grand outcry from all sides, and the next moment the chief gave an order, and a rush was made upon the boy by a number of soldiers, and in a twinkling, and despite his struggles, he found himself seized, and the next thing that happened, his arms were tightly pinioned about his body, and he was dragged hurriedly to the rear of the platform.

He was now roughly hustled down a flight of steps, and across an open court-yard.

Here was an entrance to a long, narrow building, guarded by two soldiers. Into this entrance he was dragged, and through a narrow passage; a door on one side was pushed open. Sam was flung into the room beyond, the door was closed and evidently fastened, and the boy found himself unmistakably a prisoner.

[To be continued.]

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. 866.

A BEAR'S APPETITE.

A BEAR has an appetite very similar to that of a goat. On board the United States man-of-war *Alaska* there is a bear cub which was obtained at Sitka by an ensign, and which is the pet of the ship. It is a very playful and sociable animal, climbs to the maintop when so minded, and roves in freedom throughout every part of the ship. On its first appearance on board it devoured all the soap and candles in sight, and ate two officers' dress suits. They were obliged to lock up the soap in an iron safe to keep it out of reach of the bear, and the ensign who owns the animal is mortgaged for two years' pay for damages to the officers' suits. One of the freaks of the bear was to raid on the barber's shop of the ship, and eat all the shaving-soap, shaving-cups and brushes, hair-oil, combs and brushes. By order of the captain, a guard is kept over the ship's guns night and day to keep the bear from eating them, the animal having made several attempts in that direction.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIGHTING AGAINST FATE.

WHEN Dick Harrod found himself left alone with Inez Melville, he felt that there was a good chance of working clear of the Apaches that were so determined to secure them both.

Neither horse showed any sign of lameness, and there was good cause to believe that they were the equal, if not the superior, of all belonging to their pursuers.

The coming night inspired a strong hope that the darkness would give the fugitives all the chance they could ask in which to throw the redskins off the track.

After leaving the negro behind, the speed was kept up to the highest rate; for, in order to carry out the plan which the young hunter had formed, it was necessary to obtain as great a lead as possible.

The reflection was not the most pleasant one in the world that every mile and rod passed over in this manner took them just that far from their destination.

They were proceeding in almost a direct line from Fort Sheridan, and to reach that point, which could be regarded as the only one that offered any safety, it would be necessary to retrace their steps.

The sooner this could be begun, therefore, the better would it be for the fugitives.

The plan of Dick was somewhat similar to that which Pomp carried to a successful conclusion.

When he was absolutely certain that he was not visible to the Apaches in the gathering gloom, he made a sharp turn to the left and drew the animals down to a walk.

This was necessary to hide the sound of the hoofs as much as they could, for they were close enough to their pursuers to betray their whereabouts when their animals were on a dead run.

Walking their mustangs a short distance—enough to clear themselves of being seen by the Apaches, unless they should turn to the left—Dick halted, the steed of Inez instantly doing the same.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Do you hear anything?"

Little need of asking the question. Both heard distinctly the sound of running horses so near at hand that they glanced over their shoulders expecting to see them.

The mustangs, too, pricked up their ears and moved a step or two forward, as if they understood the danger that impended.

But night had fairly descended upon the prairie, and not the most shadowy glimpse could be obtained of the Apaches as they went flying past.

"That looks fortunate," said Dick. "Now, dear Inez, let us keep our animals down to a walk, and we have the best chance in the world to leave these scamps in the lurch."

"We have found out what sharp ears they have," she answered, "and I think we had better wait where we are a while longer."

Dick did not think it necessary, but out of compliment to her, who he knew was suffering so much on account of her brother, he did as she suggested.

The sounds of the hoofs of the Indian horses grew fainter and fainter, until at last they reached the ears only very indistinctly at intervals, and it was plain they were a goodly distance off.

"There is no occasion to wait any longer," he said, loosening the rein so that his mustang moved forward again.

Dick was hungry, and he knew that his fair and brave companion was suffering physically as well as mentally, but she said nothing, and he forbore all reference to it, because he could see no way in which their want could be relieved.

As nearly as he could judge they faced southward, in the direction leading to Fort Sheridan, and believing the distance warranted it, they struck their horses into a gallop.

At intervals they reined up and listened, fearing that some of the Apaches might have overheard the sound of their horses' feet, which rang out on the still night-air with startling distinctness.

This was repeated several times, when, detecting nothing, they concluded they were beyond all danger from that particular company of murderers, at least.

The distance passed by the fugitives after making their change of route was all of a half dozen miles, when they reached a broad stretch of wood, where they concluded they would stay for the remainder of the night.

They could not feel that they were pursuing the right direction until the sun should rise, and Dick held a horror of going astray any more after being forced so far off the right course.

When daylight should come their mustangs would be in the best condition for a run, and would be able to hold their own against any steeds the Apaches could bring against them.

Then it would appear that a few hours' sharp riding, such as the animals were capable of, would take them close to Fort Sheridan.

So a few minutes' discussion resulted in the agreement that the wisest thing was to stop all progress for the night.

Riding in among the trees, they dismounted, and sought a place where they were not likely to be disturbed by visitors.

The animals were tethered close together, and Inez, gathering her shawl about her, sat down as she was accustomed to do, with her back against a tree, and in a few minutes was asleep.

As soon as Dick found she was resting he made his way to the outer edge of the timber, with the intention of keeping an unremitting watch until morning.

But he was excessively weary, and had some doubts of his ability of staying awake. As a precaution, therefore, he resorted to the safeguard of the sentinel, and began a deliberate pacing up and down along the edge of the timber, where he could look out upon the prairie, that is, as far as the gloom of the night would permit.

"We've had a strange series of misadventures today," he said to himself, "and there seems scarcely a chance for all to get out with their lives. As near as I can judge we have about as good a chance as any of them. Long Jim and Mickey O'Rooney are all right, of course; they are too old birds to be caught with any of the chaff the Apaches may spread for them. What's become of Elijah Snooks no one can tell, and I'm sure I do not care, after the manner in which he left us. There is good reason to believe that Colonel Melville is safe. It is impossible that he should have remained still and allowed these redskins to come so close without taking the alarm. He has one of the best horses in the country, and he will keep clear of his enemies. Poor Ned is in tight quarters, but he has been a prisoner before among these redskins, and got off, and there is a possibility that he may find his way out again, though I daren't say anything to her about it. Pomp, of course, will drop into their maws, for his stupidity will carry him there, no matter how good an opportunity may be given him."

Such, in substance, were the theories that ran through the head of Dick Harrod, as he paced back and forth along the edge of the wood.

The reader already knows how much he was out of the way.

By-and-by other possibilities presented themselves, and he tried hard to evolve some theory that he could feel sure of being the true one.

It seemed impossible to think hard while he was walking, so he stopped for a few minutes until he could settle it.

He stood, therefore, leaning against a trestle, wrestling with the problem, when it occurred to him that by sitting down for a few minutes he could fix it all right.

He tried it.

It is scarcely worth our while to tell what followed.

Before he suspected the weakness he had committed, he was in a heavy slumber, from which he could be awakened only by the most violent shock.

No such shock came, and he slept on and secured the rest which he so much needed.

Had he been awake with all his senses about him, he would have detected something of a suspicious character.

It did not come until he had been wrapped in slumber more than a full hour.

The first sound which reached the wood was the faint noise made by the hoof of a horse.

It was heard, or could have been heard, only for an instant, as such sounds frequently reach our ears at night.

But scarcely a minute passed when the same sound was borne forward on the night wind with enough distinctness to show that the animal which made it was approaching the patch of woods.

Then it died out for a moment, only to be heard—that is, if there was any one to hear—and this time it sounded with a steady and increasing distinctness.

And now had there been an attentive ear listening, it would have noted that it was not the noise of one horse alone, but several that were approaching.

It seemed as if fate had conspired against the whites, for there was no reason at all—except that of blind chance—which led these horsemen to make their way to this far-removed spread of timber, in which the lovers had taken refuge.

The night wore away, and just as the gray streakings of the early morning were lighting up the horizon, the very party that had been thrown off the trail by the manœuvrings of Dick Harrod rode up to the grove on whose border he lay asleep.

The Indians, evidently, had no premonition of the prizes that were awaiting them there, for it was not until the faint whinny of one of the mustangs was heard that they acted like men who suspected the proximity of the parties for whom they had been searching.

In an instant the whole company were dismounted, and while several gathered around the sleeping form, others, among them the evil-faced white man known as Jake Hart, entered the grove in search of the fair one whom this man was known to have in charge.

At this juncture something caused Dick Harrod to wake.

Like a flash of lightning he took in the situation, and made a desperate effort to seize his rifle.

But he was a moment too late.

It was already in the hands of a grinning Apache, who stepped back as if to look upon and enjoy his discomfiture.

But the daring hunter still had his revolver, and he did not hesitate to use it at once.

Before the grin had faded upon the face of the painted warrior, his mouth expanded into a wild yell, and he went down, bored through and through by the well-aimed shot of Dick, who turned and fired at the one nearest to him.

The enemies were so close that the second shot was as fatal as the first, and Dick pointed the deadly weapon at the third.

It was all done in the twinkling of an eye, as may be said, the three bullets following each other so closely that it sounded as if they were aimed at the same mark, and the trigger pulled as rapidly as the fingers could press it.

By the time the third warrior went down the Apaches realized that they had caught a Tartar.

It looked as if the only way in which they could save themselves was by shooting the daring white man who held no such thought as surrender.

Dick expected they would do so, and he preferred to die fighting than to fall into their hands, knowing as he did what they would inflict upon him.

He saw that Inez must be a prisoner by this time, and he hoped to push matters to such an extremity that the party would be compelled to shoot both in order to save themselves.

He was encouraged to this belief by hearing the crack of the revolver behind him, showing that the courageous girl was making as brave a fight for life and honor as was he.

He had three chambers left, and he was as prompt in using them as he was in the beginning. The pause was only for an instant, and that he might make more sure of his aim.

The redskins had fallen back when he opened his fierce resistance, and it was necessary to use more care in order that no shot should be thrown away.

In a second he had picked his man and sighted his pistol at him.

The act filled the savage with a wild terror, and with a howl he whirled about and began leaping and dodging away, and from side to side, as if he expected to divert the aim of the death-shot.

But a pistol-ball is quicker than the most supple man, and Dick felt no mercy for the savage who would be glad of the chance to torture him to death.

When the trigger was pulled the next instant it went as unerringly to its mark as did the first, and the astonishing fact was apparent to all that a single white man, taken at the greatest disadvantage, was still active and daring enough to pick off four of his assailants before he received a scratch.

During these frightful moments Dick Harrod found time to glance around in quest of his horse, hoping that there might be an opening for a leap upon his back and a desperate attempt to escape.

But the mustang was invisible, unless, as he suspected, he was one of those in the possession of the Apaches.

As plucky as ever, Dick looked undauntedly around for the fifth victim.

The apparently strange forbearance of the Indians was due to no thought of mercy, but it was a part of the plans of Lone Wolf and his warriors to make prisoners of all the whites upon whom they could lay hands.

Events were moving along with hurricane rapidity, and the echo of the last shot had scarcely died out when the white man fixed his eye upon a giant savage that was trying to steal upon him, and was so near that he was sure of him.

The aim required but the twinkling of an eye, but it was too late to answer his purpose.

The redskins were no less active than was Dick, and they saw that the only way of stopping this slaughter of their best warriors was to disable the man at bay.

This was accompanied by treachery—the favorite method with all Indians, no matter how great their superiority of numbers and advantages.

Some of those who had accompanied Jack Harf to look up the girl, knew from the sounds of the fight that their assistance would not be acceptable, and they came stealing back to the spot.

This brought a couple of them directly in the rear of Dick, who, in the excitement of the moment, thought of nothing of the kind, and had he known of it, would have been powerless against it.

More than one of the warriors in his front had their rifles raised, as if summoning him to surrender.

Another held his tomahawk lifted ready to hurl it, but for some cause he kept the weapon motionless above his head.

Dick Harrod had his weapon pointed at the savage who was stealing up to him, when he heard the sharp report of a gun from behind and almost in his ear.

Simultaneous with the report came a sharp, stinging twinge in the right arm, and the pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp.

He was shot and disabled.

But he was not killed—the Indian was too cunning for that.

His right arm was wounded badly, and in such a way to make it useless for offensive or defensive purposes.

Any one would have supposed that with such a tremendous disadvantage as this he would give up.

But with an amazing courage, Dick stooped down with the intention of picking up the pistol and using it with his left hand.

The action was anticipated by his enemies, and before he could straighten up he was pounced upon by a warrior, who bore him down to the earth as a panther would have done, springing from his perch in a tree.

Still Dick fought and tried his utmost to turn his assailant over, but the latter was an unusually powerful warrior, and he held him fast with the strength and persistency of a tiger.

There was no use of struggling.

Dick Harrod was overpowered and conquered at last.

Still he struggled and writhed, and it appeared for a minute as if he would succeed in freeing himself from the incubus, when a second Apache leaped forward, and the two together held the victim so fast that he could scarcely stir hand or foot.

Buffalo thongs were ready, and when Dick was allowed to rise to his feet, his arms were fastened securely behind him.

"Well, you have got me at last," he said, glaring defiantly round upon them, "and I hope you will make short work of it."

If his masters understood him, they showed it not by words, only uttering a sentence or two to each other in their own tongue.

The wound upon his right arm was in the fleshy part, and was sure to be painful after a while, but in the excitement of the occasion he did not notice it. He only wished that he had two revolvers loaded to the muzzle and the use of his good right arm, and he would make sad havoc among these warriors exulting in his downfall.

But the opportunity had passed beyond recall.

He was at the mercy of the Apaches, who, having secured his person at such frightful cost, were sure to exact the fullest possible payment for the same.

In the meantime a scarcely less exciting scene had been enacted a short distance away from where he stood glaring defiantly upon his inhuman captors.

Inez Melville had awakened sooner than her lover, and when the first Indian approached she was ready for him.

Inheriting the cool courage of her father, she never moved a muscle until the savage reached out his hand to grasp her arm, when her pistol was discharged in his very face, and he went down, scarcely knowing what it was that slew him.

She fired quickly at the next, but missed him, and before she could discharge the remaining barrel Jake Hart dashed forward and knocked the dangerous weapon from her hand.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a spitfire we have here! Why are you so savage, my dear? We don't intend to harm a hair of your head. Just rid yourself of all fears on that score. I come to you as a friend, and not as an enemy."

"Who are you?" she demanded, looking at him with an expression of withering scorn.

"I am happy to introduce myself, though you don't look pleased to meet me. I am known as Jake Hart, at your service."

And the renegade took off his hat and bowed low, like some gallant saluting his lady-love.

Inez knew him from the first, and her feelings were such that she could find no adequate expression, and so for a time she held her peace.

"Your friend seems to be making things lively out there," he added, as the sound of Dick Harred's pistol reached them, "and if I hadn't interfered just as I did, you would have done the same here. In fact you have made out very well as it is, but I hope you will lay all angry thoughts aside, when I tell you again that we don't mean you any harm. I will see that none of these brave warriors disturb you."

"Why is it that *you* come here if you mean no harm?" asked Inez, hoping to gain some time by a few words with him.

The sound of Dick's weapon gave her a faint hope that he was making a successful defense against his enemies.

"Why do I come here?" he repeated, with a grin upon his distorted countenance. "Why, I have the best reason in the world. It is to protect helpless female innocence! I learned that a lady was wandering over the prairie without any such escort as she ought to have, and I have interfered to give her that protection. That is all, and I should think that is more than enough."

"So it is. What is the meaning of those sounds out yonder? There are a dozen of your brave warriors assailing one man."

As she made this remark, she saw a couple of the Apaches start off to the assistance of their comrades.

The renegade shrugged his shoulders, as if he felt little interest in the question.

"I suppose he is like all young men, striving to make a little fame by fighting his masters. It will do no good, for you must see we have it all in our own hands."

Inez felt so full of burning indignation that she could not trust herself to make suitable reply.

With her face scarlet with indignation, she deliberately turned her back upon her tormentor, and refused to utter another word.

She felt that she had already demeaned herself by saying what she had, and she would do so no more.

"Lead her away," said the renegade to one of his warriors.

The Indian stepped toward her, but she spurned him aside, and walked with a firm step in the direction of the spot where her lover had just been overpowered by the Apache assassins.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GOING TO THEIR DOOM.

WHEN Inez Melville arrived at the outer border of the timber she saw her lover, Dick Harrod, was a bound prisoner in the hands of the Apaches.

He turned his head as she came up, but neither spoke. The hearts of both were too full.

In the eyes that encountered each other was despair written.

They had made a good fight, but fate seemed to be against them, and they were forced to succumb at last.

For a minute or two nothing was said by any member of the group, nor was any demonstration made.

A sort of spell appeared to rest upon all. A brief respite was needed, after the desperate fight, for all to take in the real situation.

The first break was made by Inez herself.

She stood looking, first at the Apaches and the renegade, and then at Dick, when she saw blood upon the arm of the latter.

With an exclamation of alarm she sprang toward him.

"Are you hurt, Dick?"

"I believe one of them gave me a little taste of what which they tasted deeper, but the wound is not a serious one. I only wished it had gone through my heart before I had lived to see this hour."

She looked up reprovingly in his face, which was white and wan with the lurid light of despair.

"Do not speak in that way," she said; "never lose your faith in Providence. He has never deserted us before, and why should He do so now, when we need Him so bad?"

The young man stared at her in astonishment.

She who should have been comforted by him, who dreaded to say a word conscious of his own inability to lift the dreadful load; she who was entitled to be the recipient of his cheering sentences, had turned comforter, and was striving to cheer him up in his despair.

"I did not expect such brave words from you, dear Inez——"

Dick paused, stammered, reached out vaguely with his arms and sank down to the earth in a swoon.

The reaction of his system after the hard struggle, with the pain and exhaustion from his wound, overcame him for the moment, and consciousness departed.

Inez's first thought was that he had dropped dead, and she leaped forward with a scream of terror and grief.

"Oh, Dick! do not die!" she wailed, kneeling down and lifting his head. "Do not die and leave me alone!"

The faint was but a slight one, and had the young hunter been sitting instead of standing, he would have probably overcome the sudden weakness.

"It will soon be better," he said, faintly, as he languidly opened his eyes; "yes—soon better."

Then she understood what was the matter, and with her old spirit back, she turned to Jake Hart, who, with the Apaches, was looking silently upon the scene.

"Do you want him to die here without help? Why don't you do something for this wound? Unfasten these thongs!"

The last demand was complied with, when she unfastened the sleeve, and, despite her womanly fear of blood, she looked calmly at the wound and satisfied herself, as well as was possible, that he was not dangerously hurt. Then she tore a piece from her own apron and deliberately and carefully wrapped it around the wound, which was tied up with a string obtained from the same source.

By the time she had finished these good offices, Dick was entirely recovered.

He sat motionless, gazing at his wounded arm, as her white fingers moved deftly around it, and then he glanced up into the face, so full of loving sympathy.

In this dreadful hour, when there was little hope for either, and when he was in need of loving kindness, Inez did not hesitate to let all see in what affectionate regard she held the one who himself had attested his devotion to her in so many ways.

The recovery of Dick served to lift the spell which rested for a few moments upon the Apaches, who, with their leader, spoke not a word until now.

"Thank you," said he, when the labor of Inez was finished. "It is worth such a wound to receive the kindness you have given me."

As he spoke their eyes encountered, and the expression was one of unutterable tenderness.

Their love was fully declared in that look, and it was the love which not death itself can conquer.

The several dead warriors were gathered together by the others, and placed upon their mustangs, then a live man mounted behind the deceased, and the dead march began.

Only enough to take care of the defunct braves went off with them.

This left Jake Harf and two warriors to take charge of the prisoner.

The hands that had been loosened to allow of the kind offices of Inez held no weapons, and Dick became conscious that he was hurt more badly than he supposed at first.

The wound was becoming painful, and he knew was going to make trouble.

Jake Harf was on the point of ordering him rebound when he seemed to see its uselessness, and forbore.

"We have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," said Inez, addressing the renegade, and speaking more on account of her lover than herself.

"I'm sorry to hear that *you* have suffered," replied Harf, "and I guess we can scare up something for you, but there ain't anything for that whelp."

Rather curiously, one of the Apaches was in the possession of some cooked antelope-meat, which he handed to Harf, who in turn passed it to the young lady.

The latter accepted it with a slight acknowledgment, and then separating it as best she could into two equal portions, she offered one to Dick.

"I cannot consent to that," he replied, with a shake of the head. "You need it more than I do."

"If you refuse, I will cast it from me."

"Then I won't refuse," he said, as he took the proffered nourishment and began eating it.

They were allowed to take a drink from the water near at hand.

"Now, I suppose you are ready?" remarked the renegade, inquiringly, addressing the young lady.

And the latter took no notice of the question.

Dick was assisted upon his horse and Inez upon hers.

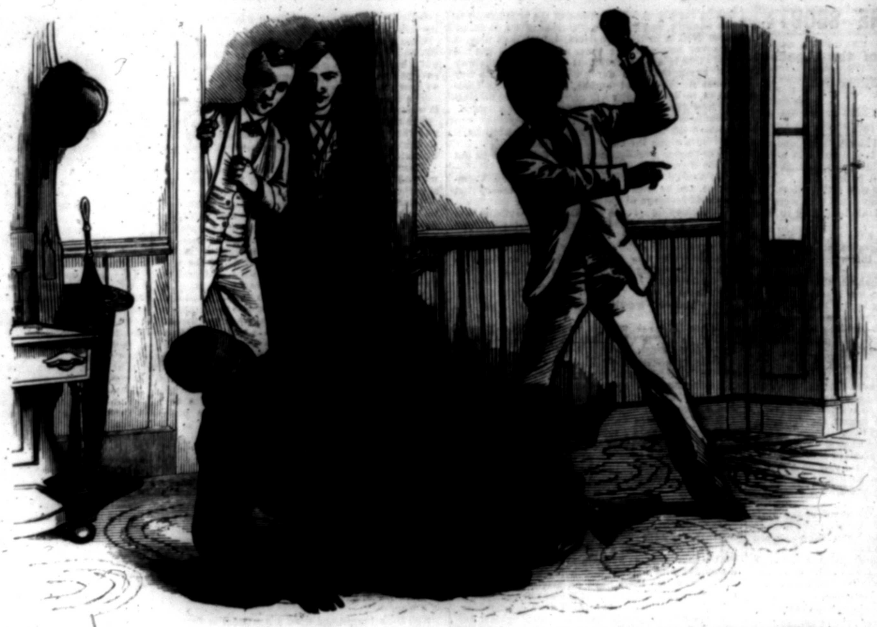
The two warriors then rode ahead with the prisoner between them, while the young lady was compelled to take the rear with the hated renegade as her escort.

This was his arrangement, and there was no use of saying anything against it.

This heartless wretch had evidently labored to secure this chance, and he could not let it pass unimproved.

"There ain't any use of your playing off in that manner," he said, showing that he was nettled by the scornful manner in which she received his attentions. "You needn't put on style with me, for I won't stand it."

One of the objects of the strange remark was doubtless to secure more consideration at her hands.



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"IN ANOTHER INSTANT KIKUCHI TOMI, JUNIOR, WAS SPRAWLING IN THE ENTRY, WITH HIS COUNTRYMAN STANDING OVER HIM, THREATENINGLY, SAYING, IN JAPANESE: 'NOW GO! GO WITHOUT UTTERING ANOTHER WORD, OR I WILL COMPEL YOU!'"

There could be no question but that the renegade was smitten with the beauty of the maiden, whose representatives were so scarce in this part of the world that they were doubly appreciated when seen.

The truth was, too, that he had seen that sweet face before to-day, though Inez scarcely knew it, and he was smitten deeply.

He felt that time was precious, and he was unwilling to throw the minutes away by the sullenness of his prisoner.

It struck his brutal mind that he was very magnanimous in protecting her from indignity, and she was ungrateful to keep back all appearance of gratitude therefor.

"You've no business to treat me this way," said he, in a half threatening manner. "If it hadn't been for me those Indians would have scalped you and that fellow before this."

"And I wish they had," she answered, almost repeating the wish her lover had expressed but a few minutes before.

"That's a foolish way of talking!" said Harf, unable to keep down his rising choler. "A pretty young gal like you hain't any business to go on in that style, just 'cause that fellow said something of the kind a little while ago. He don't think half as much of you as I do."

He waited for a response to the brutal remark, but there was none offered; and fearful of the opportunities that were gliding so fast, he struck in again:

"You'll find out before long what a friend I'm to you; I've told you more than once I'll take care of you, and so I will, but I want you to treat me right, and you've *got to do it!* I ain't going to be standing between you and your enemies all the time and be served as you have done since I've tried to sidle up to you."

Inez was placed in a little quandary by this remark, and she questioned herself as to what the wisest course was under the circumstances.

With her woman's intuition she felt that she could do more with this man if she avoided giving him mortal combat.

She could not pretend to like or respect him, for that would have been an hypocrisy of which she was incapable.

"If you wanted to be my friend, why did you come near us at all? We were on our way to the fort, and did not need your attention."

"You could never reach the fort alone, for Lone Wolf is guarding all the approaches, and if I had not been kind enough to step in just then you would have fared very bad."

"I don't believe that, for none of the Indians could overtake us when we were so well mounted. If you were our friend you ought to have shown it by taking your warriors away and leaving us free to go to the fort alone."

The renegade laughed, and he asked himself what the use was of keeping up a hypocritical pretense that was apparent to both.

"If you had been a *man*," he said, meaning to be complimentary, "the case would have been different; but pretty women ain't so plenty that we can afford to give them the go-by when they visit us."

This remark was so offensive to the hearer that she could not make any reference to it in her reply.

There was one question she longed to ask, but the answer must be so all-important that she had scarcely the courage for a time to put it.

Finally she determined to find out the truth at once, and she resolutely forced herself up to the point.

"You have taken us captive, we are in your power, and now tell me what you mean to do?"

"*You* won't be harmed, that's certain."

"I've heard that so many times that there is no need of saying it over again, but what I want to know is when you will let me go back to my friends?"

The renegade indulged in one of his brutal laughs.

"Just when you are to return is more than I can tell, but you can make up your mind that it won't be very soon. It would break my heart to part with you so suddenly, after paying so dear to get you. I am hopeful that we shall make it so pleasant among the Apaches, where you will be a sort of queen, that you will be proud of the honor, and glad to stay."

This reference was direct enough for Inez Melville to understand what the scoundrel had in mind. It was his purpose to take her among the Apaches, and there compel her to become his queen or wife.

The prospect of death would be a thousand times more acceptable, no matter in what form it came; but she forced the thought away from her as one she could afford to postpone, for the present, at least.

What was the intention regarding her lover, Dick Harrod?

That was the question that had been in her mind for the last half hour, and whose answer she dreaded as much as that which she had already received.

But she was determined to know the worst.

She spoke in a low voice, not meaning that Dick, who was riding a short distance ahead, should hear her.

At the same time the modulated tone had a sort of confidential nature which was flattering to the coarse wretch to whom it was addressed.

"What do you intend to do with that young man who defended himself so bravely against your Indians?"

Jake Harf looked inquiringly at her a minute, as if he was not quite sure of her full meaning.

"You seem to be a brave girl, and can bear to hear the whole truth, I reckon, can't you?"

"I think so, but I hope it will not be hard to bear."

"Lone Wolf is at the bottom of the movements of the last few days; he made an attack on Fort Sheridan, and we were sure of getting the post; but Colonel Bailey was too strong for us. That repulse made the chief madder than ever, and he gave orders that we must not shoot any white persons, when it was possible to take them prisoners. You can imagine what he meant by that."

"Perhaps I do not; you had better tell me."

"He means that every white person that can be secured is to be taken to Auka-Yata, and you know what *that* means?"

"Yes."

She could not deny that she understood what a visit to the Death Valley meant.

It meant torture in that awful place, where the condemned suffered death in anticipation of the horrors to come.

"Then as he said all were to undergo that fate, *I* am included?"

"I secured a promise from him at the beginning of the business that if I could lay hands on you, you should be mine; so set your mind at rest and be happy."

The hideous grotesqueness of this remark excited a disgust which kept the lips of Inez closed for the succeeding few minutes.

They were riding along in a somewhat different course than that which the lovers pursued on the night before.

This led Inez to think that they were heading toward some point that was not near Fort Sheridan.

The renegade had said enough to give her a clear intimation of what was intended regarding the whites.

All upon whom Lone Wolf was to lay hands were to be carried away to the Death Valley, there to undergo torment as had so many of the white prisoners that had fallen into the possession of the Apaches during the past dozen years.

It was the purpose of Hart to keep Inez as his wife.

Such was the plan of Lone Wolf and his renegade assistant.

Inez asked herself whether it was worth her while to make a plea in behalf of her brother and Dick Harrod.

Those were the only ones whom she felt convinced were in the custody of the Apaches.

Holding such a relation as Dick did toward her, she was sure he was an object of special hate by the renegade, and her own perception told her that it was not possible that any pledge extorted from Harf on that point would be respected by him.

Concerning her own brother, she was not without hope.

She would have peculiar grounds upon which to ask that he be spared the penalty to which others were doomed.

But the time to intercede had not yet come.

Jake Hart seemed to believe that he was making a favorable impression on the beautiful young girl, and he rattled along with the volubility of a young lover.

Inez felt that policy dictated she should make some acknowledgment of this attention, but she was unable to do so.

Her heart was so heavy that it was useless to attempt to do more than utter a response in monosyllables at rare intervals.

The future was so dark and clouded that it seemed to her at times that it was impossible to keep up.

Ah, if she had known the whole truth, what utter despair would have filled her bosom!

Did she never imagine it possible that beside her only brother, her father was a prisoner among the Apaches?—that, in fact, the entire party that had started in such high spirits for the fort the morning before were all condemned captives at that moment, with the single exception of Pomp, the servant?

No; such a possibility never entered her head.

And no one in her position would have believed it without the proof.

The journey was kept up until the sun had passed the meridian, by which time they had passed a long distance.

A sort of noon halt was made, more on account of their mustangs than for themselves.

The lovers gained opportunity to exchange a few words, though Jake Harf appeared to be jealous even of that slight boon.

Dick was suffering from his wound, as Inez saw from his flushed face, though he strove to make her believe that it did not trouble him.

His greatest distress was his thirst. This was a natural accompaniment of fever, and as water was scarce, he went for hours without a chance to satisfy it.

But there was heroic stuff in his composition, and great as was his want he never allowed a murmur to escape him.

When they neared water, he asked permission of his guards to procure some, and if they refused—which was about as often as they gave consent—he held his peace.

Now, however, when the halt was long enough for all the party to dismount, the renegade manœuvred so as to get near enough to the suffering captive without being heard by any one else.

He wished to say a word or two, and he said them.

"I don't s'pose there's any need of telling *you* what your fate is to be," he said, with a demoniac gleam of the eye.

"None whatever," was the dignified answer.

"You know better than to feel any hope?"

"I do."

"You don't mean to whine and beg?"

"When I do it will be time enough to refer to it."

The wretch was taken aback by these manly responses. He wished and had expected the young man to say something to allow him to work in a few taunts.

He could not bear to be entirely disappointed in this respect.

"Lone Wolf told me that he would not stop till he had every one of your infernal cowards, and when he gets them, they are to be taken to Auka-Yata—every one of them."

"From what I have heard, he has said that thing about a thousand times before."

"But he will do it this time."

"That's generally the way he puts it."

"You needn't be so impudent; you'll see."

"There's no doubt of that. And now, if you are through gabbling with me, I wish you would shut up that mouth of yours. If you knew what a disgusting object you are when you open it, you would go back to New Orleans again and allow them to hang you for the murders you have committed there."

If Jake Harf expected to provoke the prisoner into saying something exasperating, he had succeeded much better than he anticipated.

The face of the renegade, smirched and painted, became livid with rage, and it looked for one moment as if he was about to choke to death; he gurgled and struggled as though he could not breathe, and trembled with weakness from head to foot.

As soon as he recovered, he ripped out a string of oaths which fairly tinted the air around with blue.

The shot that Dick sent in was a random one. He had heard that Hart was originally from New Orleans, and he thought it a fair inference that he had left there to save his neck.

"I wouldn't get excited; it's a bad thing. You are in danger of apoplexy," said Dick, thinking he would scare him.

He knew the man was a coward, and he was not wrong in supposing that he could approach him on his weakest side.

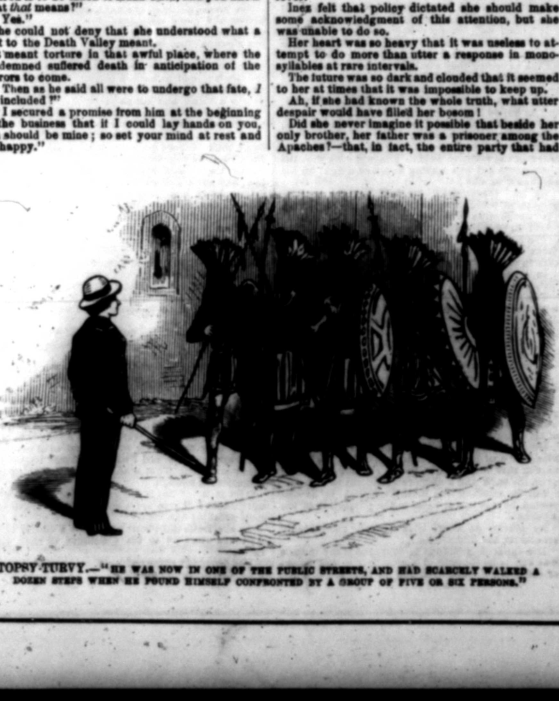
"I know something of medicine," added Dick, "and I can read the signs in your face."

"You're a liar!" replied the renegade, in a voice husky with passion. "You can't read anything of the kind. Stuff! humbug!"

"There it is," said Dick, looking at him attentively. "Those signs never fail. That husky voice, that swelling of the neck which is as big as a hog's, now, that bulging of the blood-shot eyes, that puffing up of his ugly form—they are unfailing signs. He is close upon apoplexy, and doesn't know it's high time he made his peace with his Maker, whose mercy is truly infinite, to pardon such a devil as he."

(To be continued.)

☞ "Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 461.



TOPSY-TURVY.—"HE WAS NOW IN ONE OF THE PUBLIC STREETS, AND HAD SCARCELY WALKED A DOZEN STEPS WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A GROUP OF FIVE OR SIX PERSONS."

A MAINE BOY'S MEMORY.

EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF A LAD OF TEN YEARS.

THERE is in Bangor, Me., one of the most remarkable boys in the world, probably. He is a son of Colonel Fuller, ex-postmaster of Bangor, and is now ten years of age. His intellect is perfectly wonderful, and almost goes beyond belief. The first that his friends noticed of his precocity was about a year ago, when they accidentally discovered that he was almost infallible on any date he had ever seen or heard. He was out West with his parents at the time, and as he was walking in company with some relatives in a cemetery they observed that he would look at a tombstone, read the date of the death recorded, and the exact age of the person buried there, and then glance up and tell what day of the week the dead person was born on. This happened on several occasions, and but little attention was paid to it. Finally, however, one of his relatives took pains to look into an old almanac covering some of the dates he had mentioned, and found that the day of the week had been given correctly in every instance. This caused them to ask him questions, when it was discovered that he could almost instantly tell the day of the week on which any date within the last seventy-five years fell.

One day the writer gave the lad dates from 1812 to 1840, and in every case Charlie (that is his given name) gave the day of the week corresponding to the date, and gave it correctly. The longest time occupied in any one case was eight seconds, and the shortest was three, the average being about five seconds. It should be remembered that while he answered there was no book or any article near him from which he could get any aid.

If he has once heard the date of birth, marriage or death of any of his friends he remembers it, and of course, from what has been already said, knows on what day of the week the date fell. If one calls his attention to any person and informs him that the individual was born on a certain day of the week and month, he will, on seeing that person months afterward, speak up and say that the man's birthday falls on a certain day, which is the date he was casually told so long before. Not a great while ago he walked up to one of his relatives and informed him that it was So-and-so's birthday, the date of the person's birth having been told him long ago. For curiosity the relative took Charlie by the hand and walked with him to the place of business of the friend mentioned. "'Charlie,'' remarked the relative to the friend, "says this is your birthday; is it?'" "Well, I didn't think of it before," replied the friend, "but he is right; this is my birthday."

He never forgets a date that he has once fixed in his memory, and is almost invaluable as a statistician. He remembers when every President of the United States was born, when inaugurated as President, and how long he served, and when he died. Any of these dates he gives with scarcely a second thought, as well as hundreds of others of a like nature. Once in a while he makes a momentary mistake, but corrects himself almost instantly, never proceeding till he is absolutely certain of what he has said.

A still more remarkable fact is that he recollects everything that he does, remembers on what day he did it, where he was at the time, and what were the circumstances that led him to do it. For instance, he will tell you where he was on any day within the past two years, and what he was doing. Further, he remembers and can tell everything that his friends have done, providing he has seen them do it, and tell on what date and on what day of the week they did it.

In mathematics, it would be difficult to find a boy of nearly twice his age that can equal him. He computes the most difficult fractions in his head, and will add, subtract, multiply, or divide them without difficulty. This is all the more wonderful, considering that he has never been taught anything except how to read. One evening, about tea-time, he was informed that the double of two is four. He was informed that the process of getting that result was called multiplication, and that it was all given in the arithmetic. He immediately got an arithmetic into his hands, found the multiplication table, and had all of it by heart at the breakfast-table the next morning.

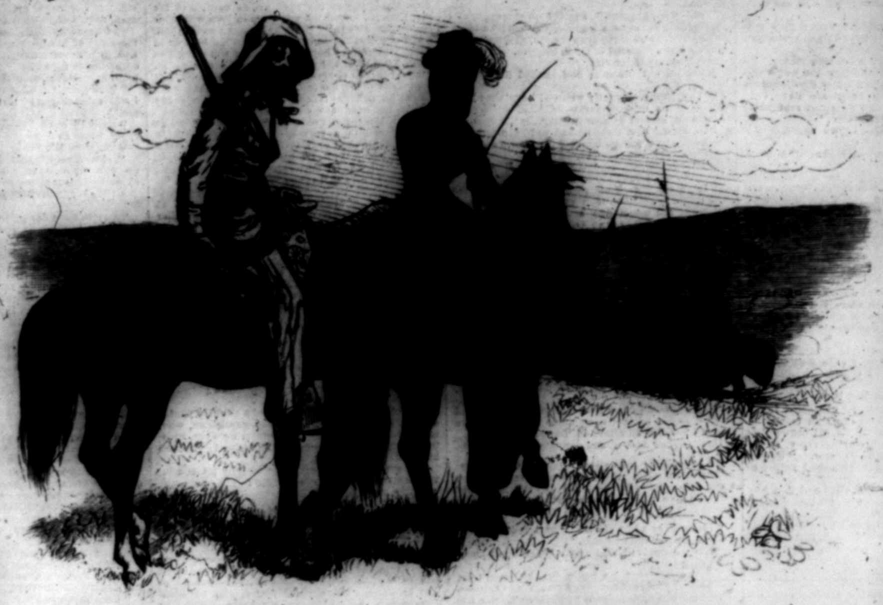
The most remarkable test to which his memory has yet been put is on the Bible. He repeats the name of every book in the Old and New Testaments, in regular order, beginning with Genesis; tells how many chapters each book contains and how many verses in each chapter in several of the books; and on any portion of the Bible he has read—and he has read nearly if not quite all—will tell the substance of any particular verse in any chapter of any particular book. He tells at once where any particular event is described in the Bible, also where the name of any character mentioned in the Scriptures can be found. He not only knows the Bible thoroughly, but can tell without hesitation on what page any particular hymn in Watts's or Moody and Sankey's hymn-books can be found.

Not long ago he greatly amused some of his friends by correcting an almanac. A lady wished to try him on the days of the week on which certain dates, many years ago, fell. She gave him a date, and asked him on what day it fell. He promptly informed her. She looked at the almanac for that year, month and day. Alas for Charlie! thought she, as his answer did not agree with the almanac. Charlie wouldn't give up, however, but declared that he knew the almanac was wrong. "Haven't you another almanac of that year?" inquired one of Charlie's confidential friends. "I have," replied the lady, and produced it. On comparing the two almanacs it was discovered that the first one was wrong, and that Charlie was right, a mistake having been made by the party who compiled the almanac.

His habits are peculiar. He never plays with other boys, but is continually busy with reading. Oftentimes he takes an unabridged dictionary and studies it hour after hour, never seeming to consider it anything but a pleasure to do it. In fact, he takes no comfort unless busying his brain about something. If there is anything he does not understand he keeps at it till he does understand it; then it is next to impossible for him to forget it. One would naturally suppose that a child with such unusual powers would gradually fail and fade away, but, singularly enough, he is constantly growing stronger and more healthy.

Very many will think, perhaps, that his ability in giving the day of the week, et cetera, on which a date falls, is an act of memory merely, and that he has learned what day of the week each date for several years past has fallen on. This is not so, however. He does it by some mathematical process, as he readily answers about dates the days of the week of which he has never seen. What this process is he himself cannot explain.

Scarcely any of the above will seem credible, but we assure the reader that it is true in every particular, as scores of those acquainted with the circumstances can testify. The lad is, we repeat, one of the most wonderful in the world, and his career will be watched with interest.



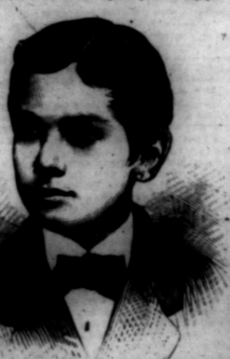
LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"THE TWO WARRIORS THEN RODE AHEAD WITH THE PRISONER BETWEEN THEM, WHILE THE YOUNG LADY WAS COMPELLED TO TAKE THE REAR WITH THE HATED RENEGADE AS HER ESCORT."

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

HENRY A. WHEELER,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 24, CORNER OF WALL AND BEAVER STREETS, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

HENRY A. WHEELER is a very interesting pupil of Grammar School No. 24, corner of Wall and Beaver Streets, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. He was born in that city, May 26th, 1867, making him in his thirteenth year. He is the son of Andrew M. and Theresa Wheeler. When seven years old he became a pupil in the next to the lowest primary class of Grammar School No. 24, and he has remained in the school up to the present time. "You see," said the Principal to us, "from the length of time that Master Wheeler has been in the school that we have had a good opportunity to judge him thoroughly. I can conscientiously say that in all respects he has been a most excellent scholar and worthy boy." For six months before the close of the last term he had been a member of the second grammar class, making a high per centage. In all of the previous studies he gave ample evidence of the same patient application which he has shown in the higher branches with such gratifying results. He has a finely-shaped head, with handsome and intelligent features. His manners are very attractive also, and no one can see him without being struck with his intelligence and ease of bearing. He is quiet, modest and manly at all times, and is a boy of beautiful and noble character.

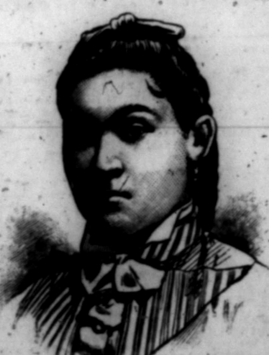


HENRY A. WHEELER, GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 24, WALL AND BEAVER STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JEANNETTE BAUM,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

JEANNETTE BAUM is a young lady, who passed her examination with a per centage of ninety-nine, as a member of the highest class of Grammar School No. 18, Maujer Street, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y. She was born in Augusta, Ga., November 13th, 1863, and is therefore fifteen years of age. She is the daughter of Leopold and Barbara Baum. When seven years old she commenced going to school in Morrisania, remaining about one year. After this, she attended other schools regularly, and at length became a pupil of No. 18. Her teachers in all the schools she has attended bear willing testimony to her undeviating application and comprehensiveness of study. In Class A, first, of No. 18, as a representative of which she appears here, she has been a foremost scholar at all times. She is not afraid of hard study, but on the contrary is rather partial to it. Her mind has penetration, and it is quick to make use of and expand all that she learns. She will grow up an intelligent and a practical woman. She is well-grown, erect and attentive, and showing a womanly dignity and force of character on all occasions. She is ambitious to excel, but only so far as her merits justify her advancement. Frank, honest and sincere in her disposition, it is not strange that nothing short of a reliable and thorough course of study has ever met her views of school duty.



JEANNETTE BAUM, GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 18, MAUJER STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

WHEN Benkei returned to his rooms in Matthews, he received a big case from Yokohama.

"Good news from home, Yuzo?" inquired Dan, in Japanese.

"I hope so," replied Ben, in his native language. "Guess there's a package of letters in this box. *Hei-aigh!* I wish I were back in Hondo."

Of course the brothers knew all about his love-passage with Miss Lamont, though they pretended to be ignorant concerning it.

"Ben, old chap, what ails you?" kindly asked Orville. "Why don't your folks write you oftener, and send their letters by mail, instead of once a year, in a case like this?"

"You forget they are unused to the post," he answered. "All the modern improvements, introduced in Japan by Americans and English, are comparatively useless to old folks like my honored mother and father. They have always been accustomed to forward their communications in this way, though I think my sisters, who are studying at the English boarding-school in Tokio, might have sent me a line per mail."

"You know your mother wrote you that they would do so when they had mastered our language," remarked Dan. "Probably, out of respect for their parents, the young ladies have inclosed their notes with the family budget. Cheer up, Brother Yuzo; the time will soon pass. Remember we are now juniors, and in our third year at Harvard. One more term after this, and we shall graduate. Then a trip across our mighty continent, and a long voyage on the Pacific, and we shall again behold glorious Fuji gleaming in the sun, or proudly watching us from its court of clouds. Cheer up, old chum. We understand just how you feel; don't we, brother?"

"Yes," nodded Orville. "Many and many a time, when we were in Japan, I felt I'd give any thing to see our folks, if only for a few moments. It's very natural that you should sometimes be down-hearted, Yuzo."

After sitting a while in mournful silence the latter said, softly, in English:

"Chums, I desire to make a confession."

"I'd advise you to call on Father Tom Murphy, then," remarked a merry voice in the entry, and on turning their faces they beheld Johnnie Brackett, who, after saluting them, continued, in his usual rattling fashion: "I think you'd make a real good Catholic, Benkei!"

"You flatter me greatly," gravely answered Ben. "The confession I have to make is not of my sins, but——" but here he paused, and, regarding the new arrival with a sly mingling of friendship and doubt, inquired: "You will not be offended if we continue our conversation in Japanese, will you?"

"Oh, I'll retire if you want to talk secrets," said the good-natured senior. "I just dropped in to tell you of my luck."

"Has some one died and left you money?" inquired Dan.

"No!" chuckled Johnnie, producing a note. "This is bad luck, not good! Of course, boys, you all know I have been very attentive to Miss Lamont this vacation. I've done everything a fellow could do to show her how gone I was—don't you think so?"

"Yes!" smilingly answered Orville.

"Yes!" nodded Dan.

Brackett noticed that Ben did not respond, so he said:

"It's *you*, then, is it? Oh, I thought you were hit in that quarter! Well, shake hands, old man! I congratulate you! She'll make things lively wherever she goes!"

"What do you mean?" gasped the amazed Japanese, releasing his fingers.

"Listen!" said Johnnie, gleefully, opening the letter; "I hadn't the cheek to ask her *viva voce*, so I wrote, telling her she was the only girl I ever loved, and if she would only say the word I would be hers till death, et cetera, et cetera, and"—here he grinned—"*this* is her reply, from the Tremont House, Boston, *en route* to her home:

"DEAR MR. BRACKETT—I was never more surprised than when I received yours of last Monday, and at first imagined you intended it for a joke. However, on perusing it a second time, I changed my opinion, although one never knows when you are in earnest. I thank you for your flattering estimation of myself, but having already selected one of your friends as my future partner in life, can never be more to you than Yours very sincerely,

"SOPHIE LAMONT."

"She's engaged to your chum, Skerry," quietly remarked Ben.

"Wh—at?" shouted Johnnie. "'Rah! so he's bagged the duck, eh?"

"I do not understand such an allusion in connection with my charming acquaintance!" sternly observed Benkei. "In my country a duck is the symbol of a greedy, stupid woman."

"Ah!" shouted Brackett, who certainly bore his rejection with remarkable fortitude, "you're not in Japan now, my boy; here a duck means a swell girl, like our angelic Sophie. Never mind; broken hearts are soon mended. I thought you looked awfully glum yesterday. What have you got in that case?—more Japanese traps? I'll take them off your hands if you're stuck again, Ben?"

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie! will you never be serious?" observed Benkei, reproachfully, while the brothers laughed outright. "If you had loved Miss Lamont as I do, you'd treasure her letter like a sacred relic, and not read it to everybody."

"You're right," said Brackett, sobering for an instant. "I'll put it away in rose-leaves, and when I am old take it out, sniff at the faded blossoms, drop a tear on the yellow paper, gaze upon the pale, pale writing, and murmur, 'Ah, she was yum, yum!'"

This speech, which Johnnie delivered in an inimitably droll style, caused the boys to yell again, and even made Benkei smile.

"I don't think you know what love means," he presently remarked, after watching the wag carefully deposit Sophie's note in a secret compartment in his pocketbook. "You Americans have very little veneration for anything; no tender sentiment, such as I entertain for Miss Lamont."

"Excuse me," put in Dan; "we venerate the mighty dollar."

"Yes, but that is dross," said Ben. "A mere silver token."

"And only worth eighty-five cents," chuckled Johnnie, eying the chest. "Say, Benkei, when are you going to open this box? Don't talk of our lack of veneration; you should see my father and mother adoring one of your old bronze gods. Come, if you have another lot like the last I'll buy it at your own price."

Ben bit his lips, and Orv., who thought it a good opportunity, told Brackett the truth about the first lot of goods, remarking:

"Johnnie, if ever you visit Japan you must remember this: when a person offers you the choice of any articles, take the worst in the collection. It is considered a sign of very bad breeding to say just what you mean."

"Then I should get a nice reputation every time," said Brackett, adding: "Oh, I should so like to visit Japan with you. Won't you let me join your party?"

"We'll think about it," replied Dan.

"I am going in for phrenology," continued Johnnie, quite earnestly. "I think it would take with Ben's countrymen and women. Eh, old buster?"

"Possibly," was Benkei's smiling reply, as he procured a cold-chisel and hammer. "Come, chums, I'll open this case, and you shall help me examine its contents."

In a few moments the lid was raised and they beheld an inner package, on the top of which was an oblong box containing letters.

Ben raised these reverently to his forehead, and bowed nine times, in Japanese fashion, then opened one, and having perused it, remarked:

"From my honored mother. She says:

'The red rice glows in the pot.
The swallows build under the eaves.
The *saké* no longer poisons the air!
We breathe the perfume of the flowers.
At sunrise and sunset your sisters behold Fuji.'"

"Do you call that a letter?" demanded the amazed senior. "It sounds like a lot of haphazard quotations from Aristophanes! How is your esteemed parent? She does not send you much home news."

Orville and Dan smiled, as their chum gravely answered:

"Pardon me, my honored mother thus, by using quotations from our never-dying poets, informs me of everything that has passed since she last wrote."

"I should have taken it either for what I said just now or a lot of nuts to crack," chuckled Johnnie. "I must go in for the Japanese poets. Come, tell us the news, old man."

Benkei smiled at his friend's ignorance, and presently replied:

"My good mother says, 'The red rice glows in the pot'—that means, all well and prospering at home. 'The swallows build under the eaves' signifies there is peace in our country. 'The *saké* no longer poisons the air' tells me that my father has given up his business. 'We breathe the perfume of the flowers' means they have removed to our farm, near Sai-tama, where the flowers cluster about our grandparents' dwelling. Then, 'At sunrise and sunset your sisters behold Fuji' tells me that Sin and Ten-jin are still at the boarding-school in Tokio."

"Then why not say so right out?" urged Johnnie.

"Because it is not our custom," gravely answered Ben. "Your language is rude and your communications like those of a soldier who bluntly reports his defeat to his officer. We embellish ours with flowers of speech! We have long ago discarded what is crude and inartistic both in literature and art, and have accepted the elegant, ornate and æsthetic. We shall never, in our friendly correspondence, avail ourselves of your style."

"Dic-tion-ary!" cried Johnnie. "Oh, cheese it, Ben, and come down to plain language. You're what the English term really-quite-too-awfully learned-you-know."

Ben smiled at his American ignorance, then taking a second letter from the box, glanced at the address, and exclaimed, in an amazed tone:

"This is from one of my sisters. My goodness!"

"Let us hear how she puts it?" suggested Johnnie, who was evidently interested in everything pertaining to his friend's country and family. "When you come to anything private, you can skip it."

Benkei did not notice his speech, but opening the letter, began to peruse it, presently blushing, pausing and handing it to Orville, remarking, as he did so:

"By Jingu! that staggers me. See if you can make it out, chum."

The writing was in English letters, printed just as a child would when beginning to master our language, and was as follows:

"Frome de Tok-kaio Skool,
"May 14th, 18—.

"Dea Brother—I have yes learned moch American toe by therefore knowledge you toe write some toe me known things. In remembrance you always we have. Sin with love, hearts from our deep affection. Lockets wear for ever.

"Your sister continually, "Ten-jin."

Ben listened sadly as Orv gravely read this, and Dan looked puzzled, while at its conclusion Johnnie rose and said to his friend:

"You're correct, old man. Tell your sister in future to write in Japanese."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEN RECEIVES A VISIT FROM THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

THE chums had a good laugh over Ten-jin's letter, and quite agreed with Johnnie, who remarked:

"What is in the inside case, Ben?"

The good-natured fellow stripped off the outer package, and opening the second, revealed a number of smaller ones containing lacquer-ware, Japanese tobacco, pipes, carved ivory trinkets, and a lot of fans.

"Who is that lovely cabinet of books for, Ben?" inquired Brackett.

"For Miss Lamont," was the quiet reply. "I shall give it to her as a wedding-present;" adding, as he opened one of the drawers, "Hello, here's another letter addressed to me in English. I suppose this is from my sister Sin."

He fished out the note and handed it to Dan to read.

"Why, this is elegantly written!" exclaimed his chum. "It's from Wakamatsu."

"Go on, and let us hear it," said Ben.

Dan wished that Johnnie had not been present; however, there was no help for it, so he went on:

"Wakamatsu, Hondo,
"April 29th, 18—.

"Dear Cousin—Your sister Ten-jin writes me that they are about to send you a box of things, so I thought you would like a line from me. A few days after you left here an American missionary and his wife arrived, and opened a school for young ladies and gentlemen, and pa was good enough to let us take lessons. I have mastered the language, and can both read, and, as you see by this, correspond in it. Am, in fact, the head scholar."

"What!" cried Ben, in a delighted tone. "Is that from pretty little Tofu?" (Miss Bean-curd Benkei.)

"Yes," nodded Dan; shall I go on?"

"By all manner of means," said Ben. "Just fancy, Tofu learning English and writing in that style!"

"I think it's hunky," put in Johnnie. "Go ahead, Dan."

"I always said Miss Tofu was smart," observed Orville, as his brother once more returned to the letter. "We're all attention, Daniel."

Dan laughed at this, and continued:

"I have discarded native clothes, and now dress in American style. Cousin Benkei Yuzo, will you bring me some two-button kids? My size is number six. I'd like a dozen pairs—primrose, white and cardinal red."

"I'll send her a box of them," muttered Brackett. "She's smarter than Sophie."

"Hush, Johnnie!" said Orv. "You don't know the young lady."

"If you interrupt me again, Brack, I won't let you hear any more," remarked Dan, then resumed, saying: "I think teacher is just splendid. She has instructed me how to run a sewing-machine, and to play on the parlor organ. Pa will send you money to purchase both of those instruments for me. Please, Cousin Yuzo, will you mail me some new music? only don't put any Pinafore pieces in with it. Fancy, there are forty Japanese companies doing the piece in Hondo, and it's being translated into the Aino language by a scholar, Kitchi, who is training a troupe with which to astonish your old Yezo friends. He told pa yesterday he had secured the temple of Iburi, and intended to turn it into a theatre."

"Well, well!" ejaculated Ben; "Japan is topsy-turvy! What would my esteemed old uncle, Yazayemon, have said?"

"*Namu amida butsu*, or *Omi-to-fu!*" slyly insinuated Orville.

"Poor uncle," softly murmured Benkei, as though speaking to himself, "what a good thing it was that you died when you did, and—left me a legacy."

"When you fellows have had your little say, I'll proceed," growled Dan, and on silence being obtained, he continued: "Pa has furnished our rooms in the American fashion, and we have discarded all our old, foolish ideas about luck. Still as I know you're a believer in Buddhist nonsense, I send you something. A few days ago I found a curiously-marked maple-leaf, which mother took to the Shinto Temple and showed to a bonze, who said it bore the old Japanese character *Akka-na-tichi* (avoid the mysterious stranger). As I have no mysterious stranger to avoid, I send it to you. Mother says it's a lucky leaf, but I do not admit any such superstition, now that I am Americanized. Anyhow, you can wear it."

"It's in this paper," said Ben, solemnly picking up a tiny package that had dropped to the floor. "I dreamed last night of a messenger from Japan. I hope To-fu has not sent me bad luck."

"Thunder!" cried Dan; "Ben, I thought you were above such nonsense!"

Benkei opened the inclosure and displayed a small, dried maple-leaf, curiously mottled, after examining which he remarked, in a troubled tone:

"Don't laugh, chums. I know something about these lucky and unlucky leaves. Tofu means this as a warning. It is marked not only as she says, but bears in the upper corner the modern Japanese character meaning swiftly and bitter;" adding, prophetically: "I understand it all. I shall shortly receive a messenger from Japan with bad news. Who knows it may be the *Na-tichi?*"

"Oh, go along!" cried Dan. "If your parents had anything important to communicate, they would cable to you, and as for the *Na-tichi*—pooh! There are no such things! Listen to this. Let me see, where did I leave off?"

Instead of continuing his reading aloud, he suddenly turned scarlet in the face, and began to bite his lips as though annoyed with what he was perusing.

"Go on," sighed Ben. "I'm prepared for the worst. Life has few charms for me."

Dan glanced significantly at Johnnie, who, on noticing his look, said:

"Oh, if it's private, I'll retire. I feel immensely interested in that young lady. When I visit Japan I mean to make her acquaintance," murmuring, as he rose and moved toward the door, "What a lark it would be to make Miss Tofu my wife, and spring her in full Japanese costume on my old folks! They're fond of curios."

This speech made Ben mad, and he hotly retorted:

"Would you like me to refer to your cousin as a curio?"

"I've got one who'd come under that head," was Johnnie's merry answer. "Good-evening! I won't bother you any longer. When you answer the young lady's letter, tell her I am dead-gone in love with her name."

Then off he went, singing to the air of "Daphne":

"To-fu, To-fu,
Oh, Tofu, don't you love me, oh?
To-fu, To-fu,
Oh, Tofu dear, I love you so!"

"Now, chum, finish the letter," said Benkei. "I'm glad he's gone. Go on."

"I'd rather not," murmured Dan. "You do it."

The Japanese received the communication, and read with growing amazement mingled with jealousy:

"Of course, Cousin Ben, you know there is a double meaning to the word *iro*, as applied to the leaf I send. I must tell you I am in love with your handsome friends." Here he groaned and sighed, while Orv laughed and Dan signaled his brother to hush. "Cousin, I hope the marking will bring you luck, but it must tell you that I never can be yours. I intend to wed either Orville or Dan Fillamore. Accept its changed *iro* (color) as a mark that my *iro* (love) for you has faded. I like you, Yuzo, as my cousin, but have set my heart on marrying an American. I know you won't mind this, as I hear you are engaged to a very learned young lady, the daughter of one of your teachers. Don't show this to your beautiful, noble friends, but write me, in foreign style, and tell me all about them. *Sai-o-nara, sai-o-nara!* Martha Washington Tofu."

As Benkei uttered the last word he glanced at the faces of his chums, who were undecided whether to smile or be annoyed.

Ere they could make any remarks, Johnnie Brackett rushed into the room, exclaiming:

"Ben, old man, your mysterious stranger, the *Na-tichi*, has arrived. She's out in the entry, and wishes to know if you will see her?" adding, "She looks like an organ-grinder's monkey."

Benkei turned pale and trembled; then remarked, in a low tone:

"In my country the *Na-tichi* comes to warn us of the death of parents or of our approaching end!"

"Nonsense!" said Orville. "I thought Harvard teaching had banished such superstitions from your mind?"

"Pardon me," faltered the poor fellow; "admit my visitor."

In another moment there entered a swarthy youth, clad in the dress of a Japanese gentleman, who, after regarding Benkei with glittering eyes, prostrated himself upon the carpet and gravely knocked his head.

Ben grasped the charm sent him by his cousin, and demanded, in a nervous voice:

"Who are you?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DAI NIPPON POLO CLUB.

BENKEI could not help being superstitious. From the time that he understood what was said to him, he had been told of the existence of that mysterious being, the *Na-tichi*, who, by some Japanese, is said to appear to persons in order to warn them of approaching calamity. His mother had believed in this apparition, and told him many stories concerning it, and his father had a firm faith in the same, so we must not deem him any worse than our own countrymen who decline to sit thirteen at a table, or those who put faith in the supernatural.

It is true he had been over two years at Harvard, and had long before that learned to laugh at the worship of images, but down deep in his heart there still remained the impressions made by his parents' words, and he really experienced the terror he exhibited.

Of course this secretly amused Orville and Dan, who watched him and felt sorry for his agitation, while Johnnie, whom nothing could break of his propensity for joking, whispered to them, as he pointed to the recumbent figure of the visitor:

"If *she* were a man I'd give *her* a rouser and make her stand up!"

"Hush!" breathed Dan. "He is a man."

The prostrate one did not notice this, and continued to bow his head upon the carpet, each "knock" being made simultaneously with a sucking in of the breath, which nearly gave Brackett a fit.

"Oh, I shall die!" he moaned, in a choking voice. "What is he snorting about?"

"Do be quiet, Johnnie," urged Orville, in a severe aside. "He is only performing his native ceremony."

"He sounds like a pump sucking," was the wag's response. "I can't stand this," and he tiptoed out of the room.

Benkei, who had heard his words, seemed greatly relieved by Johnnie's departure.

When the stranger had executed the correct number of evolutions he half rose and said, in Japanese:

"Oh, most high, most noble, most gracious, most benevolent prince, behold, humbly bending before you, as the bamboo bows to the mighty wind, the miserable individual known as Kikuchi Tomi, the younger!"

For a moment Ben appeared completely bewildered, while his chums could scarcely restrain from laughing outright. He had worked up his feelings in order to encounter the mysterious *Na-tichi*, and it had proved to be the son of the Wakamatsu manufacturer of mermaids, known in the States as "Japanese Tommy," or "Little All Right."

This annoyed Benkei, who, having expected to encounter a species of ghost, felt mad when he discovered his visitor was only an acrobat.

He was like the boy who, having a rash come out on him, made up his mind it was the varioloid, and was exceedingly angry when the doctor pronounced his trouble to arise from over-feeding.

If there were really such a thing as a *Na-tichi*, and it had appeared to him and delivered some gruesome message, Ben would have met it bravely; as it was, he snapped:

"How dare you scare me in this way?"

All Right, who still remained in the half-recumbent position, once more flopped and knocked his forehead, and replied:

"Oh, prince! Oh, most amiable, gentle prince!"

"I'm no prince," testily observed Ben. "Get up; my name is Benkei Yuzo. Who told you I was a prince, eh?"

The acrobat sprang to his feet, and after regarding Ben for a moment said, in very vulgar English:

"Why, dey tole me at the hotel dat I should find Prince Ando Ta-Konma no Kami here. Who are yer, me chicken?"

"I'm a native of Sai-tama, in the province of Mushashi," he proudly answered. "I am a gentleman, not a chicken."

"Ge-wittaker!" ejaculated the acrobat, who had evidently studied the American language on the streets. "See here, young feller, yer don't think I'd perform the respectful ceremony to yer if I did have not imagined yer was der prince, eh?"

"I neither know nor care!" said Ben, who resented the fellow's insolent familiarity, yet, being his countryman, could not avoid replying to him: "What can I do for you?"

"You're one of der ducks wot called on me fawther, ain't yer?" said the other, helping himself to a cigar from a box on the table. "My ole man wrote me about yer!"

"Excuse me," put in Orville, who saw that his chum was exceedingly incensed by their visitor's speech and manner; "Mr. Benkei is not used to be thus spoken to; he is a gentleman!"

"Oh, he *is*, is he?" sneered All Right. "Well, what in thunder is that to yer, eh? I'm a gentleman, too! I don't want any of yer chin, young——"

Ere he could finish his speech, Ben had him by the nape of the neck and the rear of his costume, and in another instant Kikuchi Tomi, Junior, was sprawling in the entry, with his countryman standing over him, threateningly, and saying, in Japanese:

"Now go! Go without uttering another word or I will compel you! How dare you intrude upon me?"

"Hello!" cried Stout, who, as Proctor of the entry, came to learn the cause of the disturbance. "What's up, Mr. Benkei?"

"This *Ronin*," said Ben, pointing contemptuously to the acrobat, "has insulted me and I have expelled him from my rooms!"

All Right gathered himself together and rose, saying:

"Dey tole me der prince was here an' I came, in order to ask him if he would patronize my show, an' dat Aino put on a lot of frills an' fired me out! He's like them fellers at Hartford; *he won't acknowledge his own flesh and blood!* I'm as good as he, anyhow!"

"That will do!" sternly remarked the Proctor. "If you're not out of this building and off college bounds in five minutes I'll lock you up!"

"Yer—will?" snarled the acrobat. "Who are yer, eh?"

Kikuchi Tomi never knew how he reached Harvard Square; suffice it to say he presently rose from the sidewalk a wiser and somewhat badly shaken individual, and quitted Cambridge, vowing never again to claim acquaintance with one of his countrymen.

When the chums told Stout what he had said, the Proctor smilingly observed:

"You were right, Benkei! Had he been a poor but respectable young man you would doubtless have treated him hospitably. He has evidently associated with low people, and you were justified in declining his acquaintance; besides, he is not the genuine Japanese Tommy, or Little All Right, as he calls himself. That person died in Washington."

"We know this fellow's father," murmured Ben.

"Yes," nodded Orv, with a smile. "He is a maker of mermaids."

"A *what?*" exclaimed the amazed Proctor.

Orville explained, and Stout said:

"Well, Japan is a wonderful country! You have some smart swindlers there, Benkei."

"They're no smarter than your countrymen who made the wooden nutmegs," slyly retorted the junior. "Rogues are very much alike the world over."

"That's so," chuckled the Proctor. "Good-night, boys."

The chums returned to their parlor and talked about the stranger's conduct.

"It's a nuisance to meet such *Ronins* away from one's country," muttered Ben. "That fellow Kikuchi does my nation great harm. Folks will think we are all as vulgar as he is!"

"Never mind him," remarked Dan. "There are Americans in Japan who misrepresent us just as badly as he does your people. You can't expect any better breeding from the son of a mermaid-maker. He's as good as his father. Suppose we talk about something more pleasant?"

"Yes," said Benkei, picking up Tofu's letter. "*This*, for instance. Don't you think my cousin is crazy?"

Orville and Dan had a good laugh over the lady's reference to them, and the chums chatted about Japan until past midnight, Dan remarking, as they separated:

"Cheer up, Brother Yuzo! Tofu is a real smart girl. She is only pretending to like us in order to break off matters between you and the professor's daughter. Don't be down-hearted, Ben; write her a nice letter and she'll come round all right."

"Chums," he dolefully replied, "I was about to confess to you that I had proposed to and been rejected by Miss Lamont, when Johnnie happened in. I feel awfully miserable. As our poet Sei-sho, says:

'What can the lover do but weep?
Alas! unfortunate he is. To die
Is better than to live, when the adored
Declines to listen to her lover's sigh.
There is no cure, no antidote for love.'"

"Oh, yes, there is," merrily observed Dan, winking at his brother. "Our poet, Jo-sh Bil-lings says:

'The best cure for luv-sickness is work.
It is sure pop!
Work is also good for cussedness in mewls.
A luv-sick youth ain't onlike one of them animals.'"

Ben listened, and when he understood the drift of his chum's hint, said:

"Your poet is right! I will work, and thus forget the faithlessness of the superior sex. I will go in for honors!"

He kept his word and studied like a good fellow, while his spare time was devoted to the riding-school and the gymnasium.

In vain his chums endeavored to induce him to attend the balls and parties given by their Boston and Cambridge friends. He declined all such pleasures with the quiet remark of:

"I have no satisfaction in those things. Work is my only solace."

At Thanksgiving he excused himself from going home with them on the plea of having to read up for honors, and when Orville and Dan went away at New Year's, Ben remained in his rooms at Matthew's, moping and miserable.

"Something has to be done for chum," remarked Orville to a party of athletes who had assembled, one May evening, in the brothers' parlor. "Dan and I feel terribly about him. He won't take any relaxation."

"Get him to join our crew," suggested Stout. "You boys ought to row again this year."

Orville had promised Nellie that he would never again enter for a race, so he refused.

"I tell you what we'll do," suggested Johnnie, who was crazy on Japanese matters, and was studying the language. "We'll form a polo club and ask Benkei to instruct us. It is his national game."

"That is an excellent suggestion," said Dan. "Put it to chum on patriotic principles, and as a class matter he'll take to it at once."

A committee was selected, composed of Stout, Orville and Don Mortimer, who, as a graduate of Harvard, was eligible for any association of the collegians, and the next evening they waited on Benkei, whom they found hard at work studying a volume of crystallography.

He listened quietly, and when Dan said they would call the club "Dai Nippon," in honor of Ben's native land, his wan face lighted up and he replied:

"Very well, I will become your president. The only thing I ask is that the prizes may be bestowed by gentlemen, not ladies."

"Why, you're not a woman-hater, are you, Ben?" smilingly inquired Mortimer.

"No," he answered, "I think they are all angels," then went on with his reading.

"He's got it badly, and cannot work it off," remarked Orv, as the committee descended the stairs. "Polo will shake it out of the dear boy."

As soon as the snow vanished the club was formed, and to everybody's delight Benkei entered into the sport with great spirit, and the game became so popular that it bid fair to render rowing unfashionable.

One Saturday afternoon, when the chums were riding out to the polo ground, they saw two men, who were evidently watching them.

"See those fellows under the trees?" said Orville. "Their features are familiar to me."

"Yes," nodded Ben. "Who are they? I know their faces."

"So do I," murmured Dan. "The tall one is Morrice and the other is Bangs. Keep your eyes open; neither of the rascals love us."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF MORRICE AND BANGS.

THE chums were right—neither Radway Morrice nor Josephus Bangs loved them.

"There are the beggars," said the dwarf, as he gazed upon the horsemen. "See how they stick to the Jap."

"Yes," muttered his companion; "that has been the cause of all our trouble. From their first day at Harvard they have backed him, or you and I would have graduated long ago."

The worthies had that morning accidentally met in Boston, and agreed to join their fortunes, and using their knowledge of university life, to prey upon the students.

Morrice's friends had cast him off, and Bangs's folks, who had scraped and saved in order to give him a first-class education, could not support him in idleness.

The pair were determined to get even with the chums, and at the same time make money by their villainy. They had met a green freshman at the Parker House who had given them full information concerning matters at the college, including an account of the Dai Nippon Polo Club, and the wonderful proficiency of its members.

After Orville, Dan and Benkei had passed, Morrice and Bangs rose from their seats under the trees and walked to the field where, unseen by the chums, they watched the practice, which was something to admire.

The Japanese game, which is the original of the one played by the Harvard Club, is termed *Dai-ku*, and is the national sport of the Nipponese.

It is shinny on horseback.

The contesting parties call themselves the "Genji" and the "Heike," after the celebrated rival clans of Minamoto and Tiara, who, some centuries ago, embroiled Japan in a bloody civil war. The Genji wear white and the Heike red hats. The balls employed are seventy-two in number, half of each color, and the goal-flags of similar hue.

In adapting the sport to American taste, Benkei had done away with the multitude of balls and simplified the game, at the same time making it just as exciting as the old one.

There were six contestants, dressed in knitted red shirts with red knickerbockers, stockings and magenta caps, and six costumed in white, with caps of the same tint as their opponents; and all were armed with mallets.

The goal-flags were at opposite ends of the ground, and bore the rival colors, and exactly between the goals a chalk star was marked on the grass, on which rested the ball.

The game was a struggle on horseback as to which side should strike the ball between the flags of their goals.

Morrice and Bangs watched the practice with all the ardor of sportsmen, and at its conclusion returned to Boston.

The next day they were in New York, closeted with some men interested in polo.

"Do you think we can bring about a match between the New York club and the Harvard?" demanded one of the managers, who had no idea their visitors were anything but gentlemen. "We would like to meet the students in a tussle, but do not desire to have our challenge refused."

Morrice and his chum insinuated they had been privately sent on by the president of the Harvard club to sound the New Yorkers, but stipulated, if the latter sent a challenge, that their names and agency in the matter were not to be referred to.

They were faultlessly costumed, and their cards bore the address:

"Room —, Matthew's,
Harvard College."

It is nothing unusual, before opening official negotiations between college clubs and outside amateurs, to dispatch confidential representatives, and the New York gentlemen never for an instant suspected the young men had no authority for calling upon them.

"The Dai Nippons will jump at your offer," said Bangs. "Our men boast they can whip any polo club in the States, and are burning to try conclusions with you. According to our by-laws we cannot challenge any but college clubs, though if we are challenged by any other associations we can accept the gage and play."

"Where could we meet?" demanded the president of the New York club. "Would your team come on here and play us?"

"No," said Morrice. "We have excellent stable accommodation, nice pavilion and shade-trees for spectators, and a bit of turf that will charm you. Play on our ground."

The upshot of this interview was a challenge from the New Yorkers, to which Benkei, on the part of his club, replied:

"DAI NIPPON POLO CLUB, Harvard College,
"June 1st, 18—.

"To —, Esq., President Invincible Polo Club, New York.

"DEAR SIR—Your challenge of the 28th ult. received, and in reply we have consulted concerning your communication, and will meet you on the 30th of this month, two days after commencement. Before that date would be impossible, as we cannot give our time, which is just now entirely devoted to college duties connected with the annual examinations. We will play you on our club ground near Cambridge. Yours very respectfully,

"YUKO BENKEI, President."

When this decision was announced in the papers, Morrice and Bangs set to work, and with a number of betting men whom they took into their confidence, began to secretly back the New York club.

Of course the gentlemen forming the latter knew nothing of this, or that the conspirators had made up their minds to defeat the Harvards by hook or by crook.

For the next three weeks the collegians were so hard at work they scarcely thought about polo. Then came class day, the graduating of Skerry and the "slumping" of Johnnie Brackett, who, having given more time to polo, Japanese, phrenology and larks than the regular studies, failed to pass, and was "dropped" to join the chums' class.

The Fillamores and Miss Lamont had been present at the exercises, and were naturally interested in the success of Sophie's lover, who not only headed the rank-list but carried off honors.

"You'll stay and see the polo match, won't you, miss?" asked Johnnie, after commencement, as he and Sophie chatted during a promenade about the quadrangle. "We're going to have a tough struggle, and as Sker is a crack player you'll admire to witness the fun. The club is mostly composed of your old worshipers; in fact, was got up in order to cure Benkei of the melancholy that seized upon him after he found that Sker had secured you!"

"Indeed!" quietly remarked Sophie. "I was not aware I had so many attentive cavaliers."

"Yes, my word, you have," sighed Brackett. "We all envy chum, and, if you had not accepted him, were ready to devote our lives to your service. I've never *quite* got over my disappointment!"

"I'm sorry," answered the young lady, regarding him merrily. "You really do not look as though you fretted much."

"No?" he sighed. "Ah, you can't tell what I *feel!* If I were a brunette, like Benkei, and had bilious eyes and long, raven hair, I'd show it more palpably. Heigh-oh!"

"Oh, go along, Johnnie!" she cried. "I won't walk with you if you talk like that! Do you imagine you'll ever get any one to accept you? You're always joking!"

"Sophie," he whispered, "I'll tell you a secret!"

"I don't want to hear it!" she said.

"It isn't about Sker," he went on, regardless of her appeal. "It concerns myself! I'm going to be an artist!"

"Well?" she inquired.

"I can make excellent caricatures," he said. "The comic papers want livening up, and I shall devote next term to the fine arts! I went in for music, took courses, one and three, this term, and learned to play the banjo."

"Is that your secret, Johnnie?" she laughingly inquired.

"No," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper; "I am going to surprise my family by marrying a Japanese lady!" adding, as Skerry came in sight: "Hush! Not a word to chum! I couldn't have you, Sophie, so I mean to throw myself away on a Jap! Won't it astonish the folks, eh?"

"Nothing *you* ever do will astonish *me*," was her choking response. "Oh, Johnnie, everybody would like you so much better if you were only more sensible! Waldron thinks the world of you. Why don't you model after him?"

Brackett grinned, and, as Skerry neared them, cried:

"Chum! Miss Lamont suggests I should model after you—why, to do that, I'd have to be rolled out! You're seven foot four and I'm four foot seven!"

Skerry laughed at this, and, as his fiancée accepted his arm, said:

"Johnnie, save yourself for the polo match. I hear the New Yorkers assert they are going to ride over us!"

"Not while Ben can wield a mallet," said the wag. "He'll warm them!"

(To be continued.)

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 667.

◆

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE CRIME LEADS TO ANOTHER.

THE regulations respecting fires and lights were very stringent on board the *Armadillo*.

At eight P. M. all fires were put out, and at nine all lights were extinguished except those required for the binnacle and on deck.

It was the officer of the last dog-watch's duty to report all safe to the captain.

Smoking was never permitted below.

Canvas buckets with long lanyards were always prepared and ready on deck for drawing water.

Captain Spike was pacing the after-deck when dense volumes of smoke began to pour up the main hatch.

It was evident that there was a fire amidships.

The men of the larboard watch who were on duty began to look at one another in an uncomfortable manner.

Mr. Vangs was gazing at the sea, as if it had a peculiar fascination for him.

A sailor spoke to him.

"Fire below, sir!" he said.

"What!" said Vangs, affecting astonishment. "Ship on fire, do you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must be mistaken."

"Look for yourself, sir," replied the man.

Vangs turned round and saw the smoke, which was coming up in thicker volumes every minute.

He walked aft and reported to the captain.

"Ship on fire, sir!"

"Whereabouts?" asked the captain. "Fore or aft?"

"Amidships, sir."

"Keep her head to the wind!" exclaimed Captain Spike. "Batten down the hatchways! Ring the ship's bell and call the men to their stations! Shorten lower sails! Up courses! Stay-sails and wind-sails down, and take off boat-covers."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"And, Mr. Vangs," continued the captain, "bring up some bedding, and small sails. Wet them thoroughly, and have them in readiness to extinguish the fire when we find out where it is."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let the carpenter rig the pumps and lead hoses, and get tools ready for cutting away, and let the crew get the yard and stay-tackles ready for getting out boats!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the first officer a third time.

He did not seem any more excited or flustered than the captain was, and the watch, seeing how calm and collected they were, did not think there was much danger.

But Captain Spike and his confederate were gaining time.

Presently the ship's bell rang out its fearful summons, and the crew came pouring up from below.

The hatchways were covered, and all the precautionary measures usually taken on such occasions were put in practice.

In spite of these the fire gained headway.

Fire-buckets and pumps were useless to extinguish it.

"Boy!" exclaimed Captain Spike, addressing Rob, "run into my cabin before it is too late and bring up my compass, 'Maury on Navigation,' sextant, spyglass, and the Nautical Almanac."

"Yes, sir," replied Rob.

"And say, bub," cried Vangs, "bring me from my cabin Bowditch's chart, boat-compass and the ensign."

It was evident to Rob, from these orders, that no serious attempt to check the progress of the fire was to be made, and that her chief officers had determined to abandon her as soon as they could with decency.

When he returned after executing the commission with which he had been intrusted, he found that the fire had made great progress.

Flames as well as smoke were bursting out of the hold. The men were all at their stations, and no disorderly conduct had been exhibited.

"Here's a go, Rob," said Kedge, joining our hero.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" replied Rob.

"Got to take to the boats."

"I guess so."

"Suppose we are tossed about on the bosom of the deep-heaving sea," said Kedge, with a serio-comic expression, "and have nothing to eat, what shall we do?"

"Eat one another," answered Rob.

"We are told that savages attempt to lessen the cravings of hunger by tightening a belt round the waist, and by sucking a pebble they somewhat alleviate their thirst."

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Rob; "what's the use of belts, and where are we to get pebbles from?"

"That's true," replied Kedge, reflectively; "on consideration, I think I'd rather have a chew of 'bacca."

There was very little time for consideration and preparation.

Owing to the combustible nature of the cargo the ship was soon enveloped in flames, and after making ineffectual efforts with the pumps it was seen that any further efforts were useless.

Captain Spike held a brief consultation with his officers.

It was determined to abandon the ship.

The boats were lowered, and the ship's company embarked about two o'clock in the morning.

The wind had lulled, so that the boats were in no danger, and continued to keep in company, but they hoisted no sail until the gray dawn broke in the east.

Then they took the reckoning, and the boats were headed for the shore.

Toward midday they made land on an inhospitable and sparsely populated part of Pennsylvania.

It was considered advisable to camp where they had landed for the present.

Accordingly, stakes were cut from a neighboring wood, and the sails stretched over them to make a rough covering.

The second officer, Mr. Manners, was sent to explore the country, and when he came to a town where there was a telegraph-office, he was ordered to send a dispatch to Mr. Sargoe, the owner, and inform him of the disaster.

During his absence Captain Spike and Mr. Vangs took a walk along the shore.

They were both anxious to speak, but neither liked to begin a conversation which was naturally of a difficult and somewhat unpleasant character.

A huge rock offered a pleasant shelter from the heat of the sun's rays.

Vangs suggested that they should sit down.

It was ebb tide.

At high water the sea came up to the foot of the rock and washed the sides, leaving little pools of pellucid water in the inequalities of the rock or the sand.

In some of these were oysters, which Vangs took out and opened with his knife, eating the contents with an appreciative gusto usually evinced by a robust appetite.

"How are the oysters?" asked Spike.

"Bully!" replied Vangs. "See me open this one. So! Doesn't it open up easy? That's how I'm going to work into Sargoe's safe and get his money."

"We sha'n't have any bother with him. He'll part readily enough with the five thousand dollars he's promised."

"That's only an installment," replied Vangs.

"How?"

"We must have more; at least, I must. If you are satisfied with such a small sum, it won't do for me."

"Suppose he turns round on us? It's a State's prison offense."

"I know it, and I don't care," replied Vangs. "I didn't do it."

"But you were in it."

"I was an accomplice before and after the fact, but I didn't do it. You will get the worst of it if it ever comes into court, Sargoe next, and I the last, but Sargoe, for his own sake, daren't do it. We have two oaths to one, and I'd turn people's evidence."

"What! become an informer?"

"Certainly."

"Consider a moment," said Captain Spike; "you'd ruin me."

"What do I care for you?" replied Vangs. "I have lived long enough only to care for myself. That's the sort of a marlinspike I am, and I'd throw you over—yes, my own brother or my dearest friend, if it suited me."

Captain Spike began to think that he had not met with a very comfortable sort of accomplice, and he wished he could have got rid of him, but he had not the courage that Vangs had.

If Vangs had been in his place, and it was his interest to get rid of any one, he would not have hesitated long about it.

With him to think was to decide—to decide to act.

"I've discovered your secret," said Vangs, still eating oysters as coolly as if he had been at Fulton Market; "and I've got to make money out of you."

"Well," replied Captain Spike, submissively, "we're in the same boat and must row together; as you seem to understand business better than I do—the blackmailing business I mean—I should like you to take the management of the affair, and steer the ship yourself."

"Will you do all I tell you?" asked the first officer, opening another oyster.

"I will."

"Honest?" said Vangs, swallowing his tenth bivalve and carelessly fishing for some more in the limpid pool at his feet.

"You can bet on it."

"Very well. I will give you a few lessons in seamanship. Our ship is the *Blackmailer*, we are bound from nowhere to the port of New York, and we have a cargo of suspicion and fraud which we want to sell. It is consigned to Sargoe & Co.; they'll want to warehouse it, but that isn't good enough for us. We want to deliver our cargo and get the money for it, C. O. D. Follow me?"

"Yes."

"Fraud and suspicion isn't in demand. There has been so much in the market lately that it's a drug, and the broker won't make a price for it. Twig?"

"I do."

"Well, we've got to force the market, and you can tell Sargoe, with my compliments, that if he hasn't got the means to buy our remarkable cargo the district attorney will purchase it for him; or, any way, take it off his hands at a margin. Sargoe will appreciate this delicate attention, and instead of giving us five will offer us fifty thousand dollars to hold our tongues."

Captain Spike's eyes glittered at this alluring prospect.

Though not a rogue, he was still rogue enough at heart to rejoice in the possession of money, no matter how it found its way into his pocket.

"That will be a nice little lump," he said.

"Rather," replied Vangs. "Have an oyster? They're very fine for the time of year."

"No, thank you. I can't eat when my mind is upset."

"What's it got to be upset about?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly! But this thing we are talking about has kinder worried me, and I have gone on a drunk to keep myself up."

"That's wrong. Drink when you're jolly, but keep from it when you're miserable," replied Vangs, beginning his second dozen of oysters.

"I think I shall go into the China trade," said Spike.

"What for?"

"Oh, I'm tired of coasting and going to Europe."

"Well, you know best; but Sargoe will always find you a ship. He may have a few more old hulks he wants chartered."

"If he doesn't give me a ship," replied Spike, "I'll make Beaver Street too hot to hold him."

"You'd best keep him for your friend."

"Oh! as for that, if you get the money you say you will, neither of us will be dependent on him."

"What's the money got to do with you?" said Vangs, looking up, as he held an oyster on the half-shell ready to swallow it.

"I'm to have half," replied Spike.

"Half? Are you going to have half this oyster?"

"I don't expect so."

"No more do I. The fifty thousand dollars I spoke of is for this chicken—for me, Mr. Vangs, first officer on board the *Armadillo*, or——"

"What?"

"Up goes the donkey, and that's a personal remark, and it means you."

"What am I to get, then?"

"All you can, but strictly on your own hook."

"I really don't understand you for a cent," said Spike, who looked the picture of bewilderment and despair.

"You go to Sargoe and tell him you have obeyed his orders, and ask him for your check, get what you agreed upon if that satisfies you, and then say that I know all about it. Describe me as a dreadful man, a cormorant, and so on, and leave me to fight my own battle; but first secure your check, because that will help me. It is proof that you have done something seedy, or the owner wouldn't give you such a large sum for nothing."

"Oh, I see now! We don't share?"

"Yes, we do."

"How?"

"Oh, pshaw! You're not half smart," said Vangs. "I let you go and get your stakes, don't I, say?"

"Yes."

"Well, after that I go in and make what I can for myself, and that has nothing whatever to do with you."

"But you said we did our business together, and went share and share alike."

"You forget your agreement with me."

"What agreement?"

"Didn't you promise, when I caught you in the hold, and had you by the throat, just before I allowed you to burn the ship, that you would whack up with me, fair and square, all you got?"

"I remember something of it," replied Spike, with a groan.

"It will do you good to recollect all of it, because what's mine is my own, and I shall want my divvy, or——"

"Yet you will get more than I shall?"

"If I do, it will be entirely through my own smartness. Shall I have to thank you for it?"

"No; I didn't say you would."

"Well, then, what are you growling at? I keep you to your agreement, or, so help me Moses, I'll blow the gaff and you'll get State's prison, sure as you live."

"Vangs, you're—a—a vampire," said Spike, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Nice name to call an old shipmate," replied Vangs, who had just finished his eighteenth oyster, having eaten rather slowly, owing to the rate at which Spike had forced the conversation.

"However, we understand one another, now. I don't care very much how the thing goes. I'll take my two thousand five hundred dollars and invest it in a fourth share of some brig, and see if money got this way will prosper."

"Prosper!" said Vangs. "You can bet it won't."

"Won't it?" said the captain.

"No, sir. I've tried it before."

"What's the use of having it, then?"

"Just to spend, that's all. You can take the tip from me, Spike," said Vangs, with an unusual solemnity for him, as he paused over his twenty-first oyster, "that money dishonestly come by never does a man any good."

"In that case," said Spike, "I revert to my original proposition. What in thunder is the use of risking one's honor, character and liberty to get it?"

"For the sake of spending it," answered Vangs. "It does a fellow good now and then to go on a bust, and have a lot of stamps to get rid of. But, listen here, when you have a pocketful of greenbacks which you have made in a way that is discreditable to you, the only thing you can do is to get rid of them as quickly as possible."

"That's strange advice."

"It's sensible. Shall I give you an example?"

"If you like."

"Ten years ago I was eating pork-and-beans in Boston, and a man gave me some money to knock an enemy of his on the head. I did it in the dark, and the man was found dead the next day."

"Dead!" repeated Spike, with an expression of horror on his countenance.

"Yes, sir. I never do things by halves. I was paid to kill that man, and I say he was found dead; but how he came by his death there was no evidence to show. Well, sir, I started in business with that money, but I hadn't been in my house two months before I was induced to forge my landlord's name to a check, and I had to skip lively, I can tell you."

Captain Spike did not exactly see the application of this story, but he saw that Vangs was a dangerous fellow, a schemer, and an unscrupulous villain by inclination and practice, according to his own admission.

He was in Vangs's power, and he resolved to let him do just as he pleased, and like a shipwrecked man buoyed up by corks, drift with the tide, in the hope of finding a refuge at last on some shore.

There was one thing, however, that Spike felt a great interest in, and that was the means whereby Vangs discovered his purpose of setting fire to the ship.

"Now that we understand one another," he said, "may I ask how you came to find me out?"

"Oh, I'm a ready spotter," replied Vangs, firing his twenty-fourth oyster-shell into the sea, and after wiping his knife on his sleeve, putting it away in his pocket, as if he had eaten enough oysters.

"Tell me. It can't make any difference to you now."

"Do you want to know?"

"Honestly, I do. Did you watch me?" said Spike.

"No. The cook's boy found you asleep and drunk in your cabin when he went in with a relay of tea. You were talking to yourself, and let on about going to destroy the ship."

"Damnation!" cried Spike. "That's an old trick of mine when I take too much drink. What a fool I was, to be sure! Sink me, I ought to have known better!"

"The boy," continued the first officer, "came to me and let on about what he'd heard."

"Did I say much?"

"Quite enough for me. We had you watched—that is to say, the boy watched you, and when you went below he came and told me. You know the rest."

"I do," replied Spike in a melancholy tone of voice, adding, "I can't exactly place that boy. Who was it?"

"A new hand—the cook's help."

"Oh, I know now. Young Rollalong, from Amboy, New Jersey. He rounded on me, did he? He gave me away?" said Spike, in a tone of irritation and annoyance.

"That's the kiddy."

"I have known his father this ever so long, and I took him aboard out of charity."

"That's a mistake," said Vangs. "Warmed vipers always turn round and sting you."

"I believe you, and I declare it's enough to make a man swear that he'll never do a good turn again as long as he lives."

"Only fools do good actions. What thanks do you get for it? If you do right by people, they only say you've done nothing more than your duty as a Christian."

"That's about the size of it," replied Spike. "But dowse my lights if I don't get even on that boy! And say, Vangs, did it never occur to you, with all your cleverness, that that cub may do us some harm when we get to York?"

Vangs slapped his hand forcibly on his knee, after the manner of a man who has come to a sudden conclusion, or made an important discovery.

"It never did; but you're right, by gosh!" he replied.

"The boy might spoil us altogether."

"He knows too much," said Vangs.

"The question is, how much does he know?" continued Spike.

Vangs looked along the shore, and saw, not far from where they were sitting, a boy who was standing on a rock to which he had waded, and was fishing in a deep pool with a line.

He pulled out a fish, which he put on a string, already ornamented with half a dozen more.

"If you want him, there he is," said Vangs, pointing in the direction of the gentle angler.

"Where? That one there? Oh, yes. I see his face now. Let's have him up and question him right here."

"All the same to me," replied Vangs.

Captain Spike rose from his recumbent position and called out:

"Rob! Rob Rollalong!"

"Sir?" replied Rob, hooking another fish.

"Come here; you're wanted."

"Hold on a while, sir," replied Rob; "I've got a bite."

Leisurely he proceeded to pull out his fish, added it to his string, folded up his line, and waded toward them.

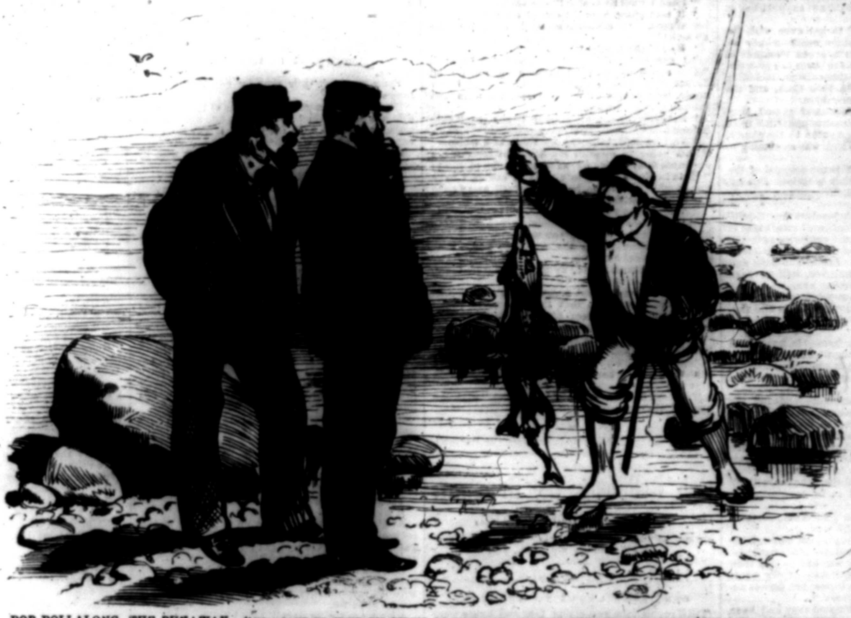
"He's a cool customer," said Vangs. "I tell you that boy's got a big head for his age."

"Oh, he's smart enough—too much so for us, I [illegible]," answered Spike.

"If he is inclined to show his teeth, we must draw them for him. I know how to silence an old snag as well as the next one."

Captain Spike looked at him with a sort of shivering horror.

There was murder in the man's eye.



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"ROB CAME UP WITH HIS STRING OF FISH, AND, HOLDING THEM UP, EXCLAIMED: 'WILL YOU ACCEPT THESE AS A PRESENT, SIR? WE ARE ON SHORT RATIONS, AND I LIKE TO SEE THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE WELL SUPPLIED.'"

He could see that Vangs would think no more of killing Rob, if he deemed it expedient to do so, than he would of eating an oyster on the half-shell.

Indeed, Captain Spike felt that his own life would not have been safe in the first officer's hands had he stood in that worthy's way.

Rob came up with his string of fish, and holding them up, exclaimed:

"Will you accept these as a present, sir? We are on short rations, and I like to see the captain's table well supplied."

"Thank you, my lad," replied Spike. "You can give them to the cook. How do you find yourself after the flare-up last night?"

"About the same as usual, sir," replied Rob.

"It don't make any difference to you, eh?"

"I take the ups with the downs, sir; though I must confess I was sorry you cut our voyage so short."

"I? what do you mean?"

"Ask Mr. Vangs," replied Rob.

"But I'm asking you. What do you mean?"

"Only that you set the ship on fire. I saw you do it, and Mr. Vangs stood by for a moment, after fixing things with you, never saying a word."

Spike and Vangs looked at one another.

The expression of both of their faces was the same.

Rob Rollalong knew too much for their safety and the successful carrying out of their schemes.

They were some distance from the camp, there was no one about, and the heavy rock effectually hid them from observation.

"Have you told any one else about this?" inquired Vangs, who was playing carelessly with a piece of rock.

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?" he continued, with a searching glance.

"Quite sure, sir," replied Rob.

"That is right. Look that way. Some friend of yours is seeking you."

Rob turned round in the direction pointed out, but saw no one.

The next moment he was startled by feeling a heavy blow on his head, and he fell on his knees, a dizzy sensation taking possession of him.

Vangs had hurled at him the stone with which he had been playing, and with such good effect that he was half stunned.

In a moment he measured his length on the sand, and became perfectly unconscious.

"That rooster's a settled member," said Vangs.

"I think so, too," said Spike, who shuddered slightly.

"Perhaps I'd better give him another and make sure," continued Vangs.

He walked up and examined Rob, from whose head the blood was flowing.

"Hit him just under the ear," he remarked—"a good place. I never fired a better shot in my life. Guess he's food for worms."

"Or fishes," put in the captain.

"Happy thought," continued Vangs. "The tide flows up here, and if he is not quite dead, the water will finish him in a few hours. Still I'd like to——"

He stooped as if he would pick up the stone again, and put what workmen call the finishing-touch to his work.

Just then, providentially for Rob, the captain spied some one in the distance, as he had been looking nervously round the corner of the sheltering rock.

"Look out," he said. "I see some one coming. It looks like Manners."

Vangs dropped the rock.

"Can he have come back so soon?" he asked.

"Why not? I don't know what part of the coast we have landed on, but I don't suppose we are far from some town. Come away, or we may get caught red-handed."

"That won't do," replied Vangs, bestowing one more glance upon Rob's inanimate form.

The look apparently satisfied him, for he molested him no more.

He joined Spike, and together they rambled along the shore, listening to the music of the waves, as unconcernedly as if they had not left the boy for dead.

"I told him he had lost the line of life," he muttered, "and I knew he couldn't live long. He had death in his hand, but I didn't think he'd come to his end so soon. I gave him six years. I ought to have said six days."

Rob was all this time bleeding freely, and lying like one dead.

His fair hair was on the edge of a pool of salt-water, which, when rippled by the wind, laved the back of his head, and even washed his wounds, while a tuft of seaweed lapped against his cheek.

The two men, who had treated the poor boy so cruelly, and abandoned him to his fate in such an infamous and cowardly manner, met Mr. Manners half-way between the camp and the rock.

"Ha, Manners!" exclaimed Captain Spike; "back already?"

"Why, yes. I hadn't far to go before I found a town and a telegraph-office."

"What does Mr Sargoe say?"

"He has ordered us to come on to York at once. Money for our expenses will be at the telegraph-office in an hour, and we are expected in the city early to-morrow morning. Here is the dispatch; read it for yourself," replied Mr. Manners.

The captain took the paper and looked over it carefully.

"Let us start at once," he said. "I am glad you have been so successful and so quickly, for I have no particular liking for this desert-island business."

"Same here," said Vangs. "New York's good enough for me."

They hastened back to the camp, around which the men were lounging in a sulky, dissatisfied manner.

They had lost their chests in the fire, and were not at all pleased with what had happened; but when they heard that they were ordered back to New York immediately, their faces brightened, and striking camp, they prepared for the start.

Some men, who were engaged in farming in the neighborhood, had come down during the morning, and to their care the boats and such stores as were saved were confided, though the amount of salvage did not amount to much, from a money point of view. Just when they were ready to start Kedge discovered that Rob was missing.

"Hold on, fellows," he said. "Where's Rob Rollalong?"

"Who's he?" demanded some of the men.

"He's cook's boy," said some others.

"I saw him go out with a line—gone a-fishin'," said Bandy.

"Come on, you, Kedge," said Vangs, who heard this discussion. "What's the boy got to do with you?"

"Not much, as I know of," replied Kedge; "only I ain't goin' to start without him."

"The lad is all right," continued Vangs. "Perhaps he has gone to find some farmhouse to get some milk or bread-and-cheese. He'll find his way back all right."

"If he can find his way, so can I," replied Kedge; "and I'll wait an hour or so to see if he turns up."

"You'll do no such thing," said Vangs, who scented danger in this determination.

"Why not, sir?"

"Because, though we are not on board ship, I'm your officer still, till you are paid off in New York, and any refusal to obey my orders is an act of mutiny."

"That's too thin," said Kedge, smiling.

"If you don't believe me, ask the captain."

Kedge looked at the captain, and exclaimed:

"Is that so, sir?"

"Certainly, that's the law. You render yourself liable to punishment, and forfeit all claims to pay," replied Captain Spike.

"And, what's more," said Vangs, "if you give me any more of your sass, I'll let you have all you want in the way of a thrashing, my lad. So step along with the rest, and step out lively."

"You will?" said Kedge, his lip curling defiantly.

"Yes. Do you want to hear me say it again?"

For a moment Kedge thought of giving back an insolent answer.

But his common sense prevailed.

He made no answer, and falling in with the rest of the sailors, started on the march for the town, the leader being the second officer.

Vangs kept his eye on Kedge.

He could not afford to allow any one to hang around the seashore, lest they might discover some trace of the body.

A tramp of an hour and a half brought them all to the town.

The men were halted at a saloon near the depot, where they quenched their thirst, while the officers went to the telegraph-office to procure the money for their expenses, which was duly forwarded by the owner.

Then a train coming up, they were embarked.

No sooner had the steamcars started than Vangs looked around for Kedge.

"Where's Kedge?" he asked. "Where's that young imp, Kedge Anchor?"

No one could make any satisfactory reply.

Kedge was not there.

Vangs gnashed his teeth with rage, but he was powerless to do anything.

What had become of Kedge was a mystery.

(To be continued.)

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BULLY MUNGAL TAKES A TURN AT THE PUMP.

At an early hour on the following morning Bully Mungal was aroused by Joey Snorter.

"The doctor wants to see you very particular," said the dismal page.

"Bother the doctor!" muttered Bully Mungal, but he jumped out of bed and began bathing his bunged-up eyes in a basin of water. "I suppose Pickwick has been splitting about the way I treated the odd boy," he said to himself, as he buried his face in a large towel.

He was soon washed and dressed, and descended to the playground, where he had been told that he would find the doctor.

That gentleman was pacing up and down with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Good-morning," he said.

"Same to you, sir," returned Bully Mungal, agreeably surprised to find the schoolmaster so affable.

"Mungal," began the doctor, "I have something to say to you."

"I am all attention," said Bully Mungal, who was curious to know what was coming.

"I think you expressed a dislike to a dirty cur belonging to the Diddler."

"I did, sir."

"Well, I cannot wonder at your aversion; I dislike the beast myself."

"I thought you would, sir," said Bully Mungal.

"Since it is such an eyesore, perhaps you would have no objections of ridding the school of it?" said the doctor.

"I'll do anything to oblige," said Bully Mungal, with an ugly grin.

"I had you roused before the other boys because I objected to a scene, and wanted to get the dog out of the way before they awoke."

"I'll do it now, sir," said Bully Mungal.

"That's right; get rid of the brute," returned the doctor. "I'm not going to keep the Diddler's dirty cur. I shall never be paid for the trouble."

"I quite understand," said Bully Mungal; "you won't be imposed upon."

"That's it," said the doctor, patting him on the back.

Bully Mungal at once went in search of the Diddler's dog.

"Why, Mungal, you look happy," cried Tom Ely, who had seen Bully Mungal rise, and had followed him out of curiosity.

"Wouldn't you be happy if you could pay the Diddler out this morning?" returned Bully.

"How can you do that?"

"The doctor says I am to kill the Diddler's dog," returned Bully Mungal, "and I mean to do it at once."

"I'm glad of it," returned Tom Ely.

They found the Diddler's dog.

The little animal rushed out of his tub as they approached, and he barked loudly.

"The beast is growing fat and insolent," cried Bully Mungal.

"What shall we do with him?" said Tom Ely.

"I'm going to put him in the garden tank," returned Bully Mungal.

He seized the dog by the neck and carried it into the playground.

There was a large water-tank at the side of the house.

"Open the lid," cried Bully Mungal.

Tom Ely did as he was told.

"The tank is empty!" he exclaimed.

"Never mind," returned Bully Mungal. "We shall only have the trouble of pumping the water up."

Mungal threw the dog into the tank and shut the lid down.

"Work away, my boy," he cried, laying hold of the pump.

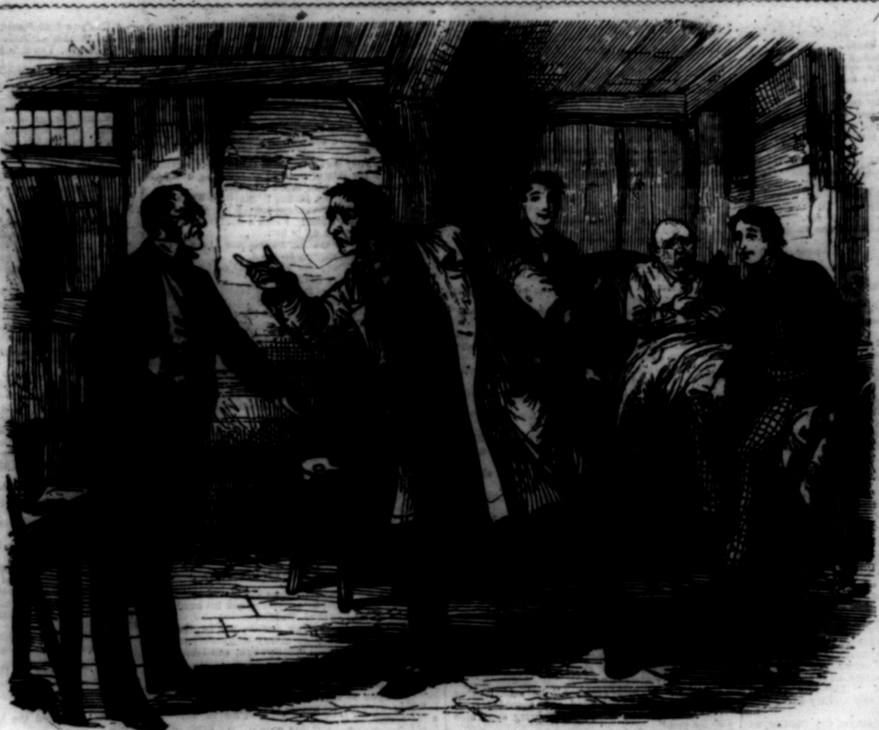
"Not if I'm aware of it; I'd rather look on," said Tom Ely. "I'm not going to break my back, but you can do as you please."

"Lazy hound," muttered Bully Mungal, working away at the pump.

"Don't he howl?" observed Tom Ely, lifting up the lid of the tank and looking down at the Diddler's favorite. "But keep quiet; here's some one coming; it's Fitzsham."

"Halloa!" cried Fitzsham, coming round the corner; "I thought Joey Snorter was rather active this morning. You'll have the handle off the pump if you work so hard."

"That's no business of yours," said Bully Mungal. "We don't want you here; get out."



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A QUACK!' EXCLAIMED DR. WADDLE, RAISING HIS VOICE TO SUCH A PITCH THAT IT AWOKE SWAGS."

Fitzsham contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, and was about to walk away when he heard a low whine.

"What's that?" he asked.

"I don't know what you are talking about," returned Bully Mungal, pumping away.

"Why, there it is again," cried Fitzsham, as the Diddler's dog gave another most melancholy howl.

"This pump always makes a horrid row," observed Bully Mungal; "but you move on; we don't want you here."

"You've got the Diddler's dog," cried Fitzsham, "and I mean to have him out."

With these words he tried to lift the lid.

But Tom Ely clutched him by the arm.

"Just you please to attend to your own affairs," he cried. "Bully Mungal is carrying out the doctor's orders."

"I don't believe it," returned Fitzsham.

He shook Ely off and hastily made for the house.

In another moment the tank was surrounded by a crowd of boys.

The doctor was close behind them.

"This is disgraceful!" he cried; "take that dog out of my tank."

Bully Mungal sulkily lifted the lid and clutched the dog by the neck.

He then flung it roughly upon the ground.

"The doctor is not so bad, after all," thought the Diddler—"didn't want to kill my dog—only a threat."

But he was soon undeceived.

"How dare you put that dirty dog in the water we drink?" cried the disgusted doctor. "If you were not a perfect idiot you would have attached a stone to his neck and drowned him in a pond long ago."

"I thought this would be the easiest way to get rid of him," retorted Bully Mungal, sulkily.

"You are an idiot," cried the doctor; "so say no more about it."

Doctor Waddle was seriously annoyed.

He saw that he had made himself extremely unpopular.

The boys angry and excited, had gathered round the Diddler and his little dog, and looked defiantly at their master.

Something must be done to restore their good humor.

A bright idea entered the doctor's head.

"I shall expect you to clean that tank out," he said to Bully. "Diddler, fetch a mop."

The boys began to smile.

They gave a loud shout when the Diddler returned with the mop.

"I shan't clean out that tank," said Bully Mungal. "Why should I? It isn't my business."

"We shall see about that, my friend," said the doctor, turning on his heel.

Bully Mungal angrily snatched at the mop, which the doctor politely presented to him.

He lifted it high in the air, intending to bring it down on the Diddler's crown.

"Would you, now? No, thank you," cried the Diddler, jumping aside, as usual.

The force with which Bully Mungal had dashed down the mop would have certainly stunned him.

But Bully Mungal was in a savage rage, and scarcely knew what he was doing.

"Halloa! what's up with the boys?" cried Mr. Miffins, appearing in the playground in a light suit of clothes and a red-and yellow necktie.

The boys explained.

Miffins was no favorite with any of them, but they did not mind answering his question.

"I'll superintend the work," said Miffins, sitting down on a bench and puffing away at his pipe. "I knows nothing I likes better than to sit in the sun and order people about."

"That's right, Miffins; give your orders to Mungal," cried young Pickwick, smiling at his friends.

"Get to work, my lad," said Miffins, nodding his head at Bully Mungal.

"I'm not going to be spoken to like that by a pig-driver," said Mungal.

"Them that jaws the most does the least work," returned Miffins, with rising ire.

Bully Mungal sullenly turned a tap and the water began to run out of the tank.

"That's right," said Miffins, "the sooner yer begins the sooner you will get it over."

Bully Mungal slowly took up the mop, and bending forward, began to rub the sides of the tank.

"That's not the way," said Miffins.

"That's the way I am going to do it," returned Bully Mungal, pausing, mop in hand.

"You've got to get inside," said Miffins; "that's what you've got to do."

The boys, who were standing round the tank, grinned with intense enjoyment.

"Don't I tell you I am doing it all right?" said Bully Mungal. "I can't do it any better."

"Can't you?" said Miffins, snatching the mop from his hand. "I'll show you, then."

"You may do it yourself now," said Mungal; "you are more used to dirty work than I am."

"Used to dirty work, am I?" yelled Miffins. "If you don't jump into that there tank I'll break this mop about your shoulders."

Mungal hesitated, but looked as though he would spring at Miffins.

"In yer go," cried Miffins.

Bully Mungal's blood was up and he flung himself upon Miffins.

"I'll skin yer," yelled Miffins.

Bully Mungal wrenched the mop out of his hand and dashed it in his face.

At this moment the school-bell began to ring.

The boys reluctantly left Miffins and Bully Mungal to settle their little difference without an audience.

Half an hour later, as the doctor was sitting at his desk, and his pupils were bending over their books, the door was flung violently open and Mr. Miffins stalked into the room, dragging Bully Mungal after him.

"Look at my new togs!" cried Miffins.

The doctor, having put on his spectacles, looked Miffins up and down with great deliberation.

"What have you been doing to yourself, my dear sir?" he exclaimed. "Why, you are wet, very wet, and dirty."

"This is the boy that did it," cried Miffins, bringing Bully Mungal into the foreground.

But Miffins forgot all his resentment against Bully Mungal as he became aware that every other boy in the school was laughing at him, and crying out:

"Oh, look at dirty Miffins!"

He dashed in amongst them, hitting out right and left.

The boys were full of fun.

They dodged about, placing the forms in such a position that Miffins must fall over them, and otherwise improved the occasion.

The inoffensive usher, Mr. Puckle, made a vain and futile attempt to restore order.

He was looking on, with a faint smile upon his face, when Miffins made a dash at him.

"I dare say you finds it very amusing," cried Miffins; "but I ain't a-going to be made a laughing-stock of afore a lot of boys."

And he gave the usher a blow between the eyes. Mr. Puckle reeled against the doctor's desk, knocking it over.

"What do you mean by this conduct, sir?" cried Doctor Waddle, angrily, clutching the usher by the coat-collar.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Puckle, with a feeble smile.

"It's my pardon you have got to beg," cried Miffins.

"You are not my employer," returned the usher.

"School is dismissed," cried the doctor, looking round at his grinning pupils. "Mr. Puckle, I'll speak to you another time."

And taking Miffins's arm the doctor dragged him away.

But Swags, who had been standing by the door, hastily intercepted his schoolmaster.

"Well, what is it?" cried that gentleman, angrily.

"I feels hungry," said the fat boy.

"Get away," cried the doctor; "I have no patience with you, you wicked, bad boy."

"I ain't done no harm," said the bloated youth; "I only came up here to ask about the hamper. Them things will get stale."

"You won't have it. I mean to punch you for running away."

The fat boy gave a groan.

"Look here, Swags," said the doctor to his fat pupil; "I shall keep the contents of the hamper."

"Oh, ain't this a blessed shame!" said Swags.

"Don't make such a fuss about it," said the doctor; "it won't alter matters in the least. You shan't have a crumb."

"I don't care what you do to me, but I want my hamper," retorted Swags.

"You shall have it when it's empty," smiled the doctor.

The fat boy's sorrow was great. This hamper had been so long in coming, and now he was not to have it, after all.

"I wish I was in that show," thought the fat boy; "why didn't they leave me alone when I was 'appy?"

He sat down in a corner of the playground and speedily fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR IS CALLED IN.

"HALLOA!" said the Diddler to young Pickwick, who was crossing the playground with a jar in his hand; "what have you there? Anything to eat?"

"Yes," said young Pickwick, complacently; "that jar contains plum-jam."

"Does it?" said the Diddler. "Can I have a taste?"

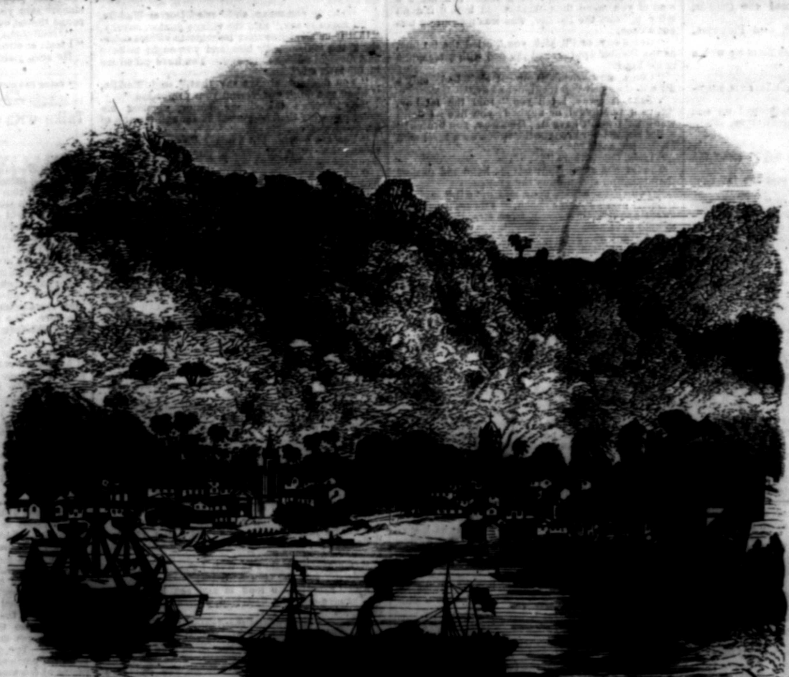
"You are quite welcome," returned young Pickwick; "you can take the lot if you like, only I may as well tell you that there is a good dose of jalap in it."

"What did you put jalap in it for?" cried the Diddler; "spoil good jam—uncommon good—I don't want it very much—good for those who like it—you can give it to some one else, dear boy."

"That's just what I intend to do," said young Pickwick. "I am going to give it to the fat boy to compensate him for the confiscation of his hamper."

"Where is the fat boy now?"

"Reclining on a bench in the playground. Can't you hear him snore?"



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—ACAPULCO, MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 110.

“We'll go to him at once,” cried Pickwick.

When the two boys reached the bench they found Swags stretched upon his back.

“Swags!” cried Pickwick, giving him a shake.

“If you'll only give me something to eat and leave me alone, I shall be all right,” murmured Swags, in his sleep.

“No use calling him by name,” remarked the Diddler; “I'll wake him—half a jiffy.”

“How?” asked Pickwick.

“Jam!” shrieked the Diddler, in the fat boy's ear.

Swags opened his eyes and looked around.

“Didn't some one say jam?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Where is it? Give me some.”

“Here,” exclaimed Pickwick; “it is all for you; I thought you hadn't had enough to eat.”

He handed it to the fat boy, who immediately began to eat, smiling all over his face.

But when they returned in half an hour to have a look at him, he did not appear to be so well pleased.

“Oh, Lor'!” he yelled, rubbing his stomach. “I feel so bad here.”

“Do you feel ill?” asked the Diddler; “you ought to—after all that nice jam.”

“I've got a funny feeling here,” sighed the bloated youth, with his hands still pressed against his waistcoat. “It keeps me awake. I shall never be able to sleep again; oh, oh!”

He slowly rocked himself backward and forward on the bench.

“Can't you do anything for me, Diddler?” continued Swags. “I feel queerish, like. I don't seem at home; I want to go to sleep.”

“Cold water and a wet cloth will do you good,” said the Diddler, who had taken his cue from Pickwick; “make you feel as strong as a giant—won't it—rather!”

“Just the thing, Diddler” said Pickwick; “you'll find all you require in the outhouse.”

Anybody else might have felt astonished that the basin and cloth should be so near at hand, but Swags was not suspicious.

The Diddler speedily returned with the necessary articles.

“Hold your head up, old fellow,” said Pickwick, and the two boys began to operate upon the large face of the bloated youth.

Wherever they applied the wet cloth it left a white mark.

“It don't smell nice,” said the fat boy; “it smells like nasty paint.”

They went on patiently dabbing the fat boy's face until it was perfectly white.

“This is refreshing now,” said the fat boy, little thinking that the basin standing near contained a weak solution of white paint. “It relieves me very much. I think I'll lie down now and try and get to sleep.”

“Don't he look nice?” observed the Diddler, as Swags began to snore; “it improves him very much—looks quite genteel.”

“Yes,” said Pickwick; “but we haven't done with him yet. I've got a box of paints in my pocket.”

“Have you, though?” cried the Diddler; “hand over—I will turn him into a clown—and no mistake.”

“No, no!” cried young Pickwick; “you will spoil the fun.”

And he dropped on his knees before the sleeping Swags, paint-box in hand.

The Diddler looked on while young Pickwick dotted the fat boy's face over with small red spots.

“Looks unwholesome—very,” observed the eccentric youth, as young Pickwick drew back to admire his own handiwork.

“Here, take these back to the outhouse,” said Pickwick, handing the Diddler the cloth and basin.

Meanwhile Pickwick returned the paint-box to his pocket.

“Here's the doctor!” exclaimed the Diddler, running up out of breath.

“Well, what does it matter?” said Pickwick. “We are ready for him.”

Doctor Waddle was about to pass them by with a casual glance.

This did not suit Pickwick's plans.

“Excuse me, sir,” he said, “but there is something the matter with Swags.

At this precise moment Swags jumped up and began to rub his stomach with great vigor, shouting out:

“Oh, oh, I've got it here!”

“Why, what's amiss with the boy?” cried the doctor, putting on his spectacles.

“Oh, I do feel so jolly queer,” said the fat boy, turning his face toward the doctor.

“He's got some infectious disease,” said the doctor; “oh, what an unlucky man I am!”

“He looks dreadful,” observed the Diddler. “Poor Swags—must have medicine—'pon honor, or he'll die—looks awfully bad.”

“Tell Joey Snorter to fetch Doctor Shadbolt,” said the schoolmaster, wringing his hands; “and some of you tell Mrs. Hardtopp to make Swags up a bed in the outbuilding. I won't have him in the house, for he'll spread the complaint to all the other boys.”

“You're a nice beauty, and no mistake,” muttered the Diddler, as he hastened to carry out the doctor's instructions.

Meanwhile the news had spread, and Miffins and Parrot were in a great state of consternation.

They wished to make immediate arrangements for their departure.

But there was nobody to attend to them.

Dick Sancliff, who had been hastily let into the secret, helped to remove the fat boy to his bed, which had been placed in a large out-building.

He had scarcely been placed between the blankets when the schoolmaster ushered in Doctor Shadbolt.

“Here he is; he looks dreadfully ill,” said Doctor Waddle, indicating the fat boy's bed, but keeping at a respectful distance from it.

“Oh,” returned the village doctor, advancing.

He was a tall man, with a very small head and a remarkably large mouth.

“And how are you, my good lad?” he began, opening his mouth so wide that it looked as if he intended to swallow the youth, bed and all.

“I'm awful bad,” said the fat boy, rubbing his stomach, “and I have got it strong.”

The village doctor looked grave.

“It is a very severe attack of measles,” he said, shaking his small head. “You must take great care of him.”

Swags did not wait to be asked to show his tongue. He thrust it out as far as it would go.

“That will do,” said the village doctor. “You have got plenty of tongue, my boy.”

He turned to the schoolmaster.

“You must keep him very low,” he said. “A spoonful of water every half hour, and a little gruel morning and evening is all I should recommend. I'll send him round a bottle of medicine.”

“That be bothered,” cried the fat boy, sitting up in bed; “I'm half-starved already. I wants some grub to make me keep quite in order.”

“The poor boy is a little light-headed,” said the village doctor; “I'm afraid he is very bad indeed. Just look at his face. What a dreadful state he is in!”

“Light-headed, am I?” cried the fat boy, rolling out of bed with an indignant look upon his speckled face. “Just you say that again, and I'll punch somebody's head, if I never did it afore.”

“Shut that door!” cried the village doctor, calmly leading the fat boy back to bed. “Don't let the wind touch his legs, or I won't answer for the consequences. Poor boy, he is getting very bad.”

“I won't stay here,” said the fat boy, as the doctor tucked him in, “not without I gets something to eat. Somebody get me a pound of rump-steak; I could eat a lot of anything just now.”

“Compose yourself, my good lad,” said the village doctor, soothingly patting the bedclothes, “and I will send you some medicine.”

“You are an old fool!” exclaimed the fat boy, with an indignant plunge.

“Dear, dear, he is very light-headed, indeed,” said the village doctor. “We shall have to shave his head.”

“Who is going to do it?” said the fat boy, trying to sit up in bed.

But the village doctor had taken the precaution to sit upon his legs.

“Oh, shave his head, by all means,” cried Waddle, “if that will help him.”

“I shall want somebody to hold him down,” observed the village doctor.

“Joey Snorter must do that,” said the schoolmaster. “I am an extremely nervous man, and would be of no use at all.”

Doctor Waddle rang a bell, and the dismal page soon presented himself.

“Look here, Snorter,” said Doctor Waddle; “the gentleman requires your services.”

“I only want you to hold this unfortunate boy down while I shave his head,” the village doctor hastened to explain.

“All right, I will do it.”

And Joey Snorter obediently seated himself on the fat boy's stomach.

“Oh, oh, oh, that's where I feel the pain!” shouted the fat boy.

“There, now we are pretty comfortable, I hope,” observed the village doctor.

“No, I ain't! Ha, the nasty cold thing is going over my head!” cried the fat boy, as he felt the cold razor; “leave my head alone, you brute!”

But the village doctor calmly shaved off the fat boy's not very abundant locks.

“That's cool and pleasant,” he said, looking down at Swags's pink head and speckled face. “I'll come and see you again, and bring some nice pills for you.”

And he took his tall body, small head, and large mouth out of the room.

Doctor Waddle hastily followed in his footsteps with Joey Snorter.

The fat boy was left to the companionship of Pickwick and the Diddler.

“You've got a fine head and no mistake,” said the latter; “good bumps—'pon honor—you must go and make love to pretty girl to-morrow, you look charming.”

“If I live long enough I'll serve the village doctor out for this,” cried Swags, sitting up in bed.

“Why don't you lie down?” cried young Pickwick. “Here's Joey Snorter with your medicine.”

“It's a large bottle,” said the Diddler, as he took it from Snorter, “and smells so nasty.”

“Give it to your little dog, Diddler, or old Miffins or Parrot; I'll have none of it,” said the fat boy.

“Come, Swags, don't be a fool. It'll make a man of you in no time—that is, old boy, if it don't kill you,” said the Diddler, who was measuring him out a dose.

“Get away, or I'll kick you,” cried the fat boy, as the Diddler approached the bed with a teaspoon in his hand.

“Come, now—drink it up—it ain't bad—only a little nasty—just you try it, dear boy.”

“Take it away, I tell you,” said the fat boy. “Give it to Mungal, or anybody you like; I don't want it. I won't have it. Go away, you brutes!”

But the Diddler brought the spoon on a level with his mouth, saying:

“Look below there!”

The fat boy angrily put out his hand and dashed the brimming spoon upon the ground.

“You've been and gone and done it,” said the Diddler, picking up the spoon. “You are a naughty boy, Swags—look out—I'll have Mrs. Hardtopp in to hold your nose—half a jiffy.”

“I'm not going to take that filthy stuff, and so I tell you!” cried the indignant Swags. “Give it to old Mother Hardtopp; it will do her good, or serve her out.”

“Better not give it to him,” whispered Pickwick; “might do him harm.”

The Diddler reluctantly put the medicine-bottle on a shelf, saying:

“Try him with something else.”

“Now, Swags,” said young Pickwick, “I am sure you are hungry?”

“Ain't I!” exclaimed the fat boy. “Yes, I just am.”

“We'll go and see what we can do for you,” said Pickwick. “Come, Diddler.”

“What's the next move?” asked the Diddler, when they were outside the door.

“I've got another pot of jam,” returned young Pickwick. “Do you think a second dose of medicine would do him harm?”

“Not the slightest,” observed the Diddler. “Do Swags no end of good—it will bring his fat down.”

“You know best, Doctor Diddler,” said Pickwick, taking a pot of jam from a dark corner and dropping the contents of a paper packet into it.

“Mix it well,” said the Diddler, as Pickwick stirred the jam about with a spoon. “Won't Swags enjoy the treat—oh—nicey—nicey!”

When they re-entered the room Swags was sitting up in bed.

He looked like a prodigiously large baby as he sat rubbing his bald head and blinking at them with little eyes.

“Got anything to eat,” he cried, “for a poor, hungry victim?”

Pickwick presented him with the jam, saying:

“Dear boy, look at this.”

“Oh, this is fine,” said the fat boy, cramming the jam down his throat in great haste, lest some one should take it away.

“Don't choke yourself,” cried the Diddler. “Plenty of time—no need to hurry—nicey, nicey, by-and-by, dear boy.”

But Swags had cleared out the pot.

“I wish I had some more,” he muttered, as he placed his head upon the pillow; “but it's not so nice after it's gone.”

“You'll find that quite sufficient for a day or two,” returned young Pickwick, winking at the Diddler.

“He is asleep,” observed the Diddler, bending over the fat boy; “won't he wake up nice and lively? But, I say, Picky, he's not much like the sleeping beauty. Ha, ha!”

Young Pickwick laughed.

“Let's sit down and wait until beauty wakes,” he said.

“That's your sort,” returned the Diddler, seating himself on the side of the bed and looking down at the bloated youth with much interest.

“Oh, slumber, my darling! Sleep on while you can,” laughed Diddler.

“Oh, oh, ain't I bad! Fetch a doctor,” he suddenly yelled, sitting up in bed.

“What are you making all this row about?” said young Pickwick, coming forward.

“Oh, Lor'!” cried the fat boy, rolling over on his stomach. “I have got it again.”

“Dear boy, do you feel bad?” asked the Diddler, with much sympathy.

“Oh, Diddler, awful queer!” replied Swags. “Boo—hoo!”

“I'll run for Doctor Waddle,” said young Pickwick.

He hurried away.

Swags looked up at the Diddler, saying:

“Oh, Diddler, jam don't agree with me!”

“Nonsense!” cried that eccentric youth. “Measles ain't such a serious illness, after all—nothing when you are used to it.”

“But I ain't used to it,” cried the fat boy; “I don't want to be. I don't like them.”

“Here comes Pickwick,” cried the Diddler, jumping off the bed.

“Why, where's Waddle?” he said, as Pickwick entered alone.

“Won't come,” returned Pickwick; “can't be disturbed. He says that Swags must wait until the doctor comes in the morning; fact is, he's afraid to come.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DOCTOR DIDDLER RECEIVES HIS FIRST FEE.

WHEN the village doctor paid his second visit to his patient he gravely shook his head.

“Is he worse?” asked Waddle.

“Yes,” said the village doctor, feeling the fat boy's pulse. “He is in a very bad state; it will take all my skill to pull him through, and I doubt if I can do it.”

“Is there any danger?” inquired Waddle.

“He is sinking fast,” returned the village doctor.

“Can't you do anything for him?”

“No; we must let nature take her course. It is a sad case.”

“I shall be ruined!” said Waddle, thinking of his own interest.

“The worst sign is his unconsciousness of what is going on around him,” observed Doctor Shadbolt.

“He is nearly always the same,” returned Doctor Waddle. “He sleeps whenever he gets the chance, so you must not take that into account, my dear sir.”

“But I do take that into account,” said the village doctor, testily. “Allow me to tell you that I know what I am talking about. I should not presume to give you advice as to the mental training of your pupils.”

“My boys can bear witness that I am speaking the truth,” said Doctor Waddle, stiffly.

“Yes, we can,” broke in the Diddler. “Swags eats and drinks and snores and sleeps all day—'pon honor, dear doctor.”

“Then I say that you have behaved very carelessly, Mr. Waddle, and are entirely to blame for his illness.”

“What do you mean, sir?” cried Doctor Waddle.

“I mean to say,” said the village doctor, angrily, “that if he slept like that he must have had something the matter with him, and you ought to have had medical advice long ago. You have called me in too late, sir.”

“You doctors always say that,” said Waddle, “when you don't understand your profession.”

“Sir!” cried the village doctor, opening his mouth so wide that he looked as though the top of his head was coming off.

“You are nothing but a quack,” replied Waddle, raising his voice to such a pitch that it awoke Swags.

“Oh, I'm a gone coon!” cried the fat boy. “You had better order in a coffin for me, but put some grub in it, in case I wake up again.”

“Come out of this,” cried the Diddler, clutching the village doctor by the arm. “Disturb patient—make him worse—come outside—have a turn up—I'll hold your coats with pleasure.”

Waddle and the village doctor seemed to think the proposition a good one, for they both left the outbuilding.

“You had better go after the village doctor, Diddler,” said young Pickwick.

“Why?” asked the Diddler.

“You are a nice one to ask me why,” cried young Pickwick. “If you want to carry on the joke, you'll offer to cure Swags for a consideration. Make money, dear boy. Ha, ha!”

“I'm on—good idea—very,” cried the Diddler.

He found the two doctors disputing in the playground.

“I can't do anything for him, I tell you,” said the village doctor; “his case is hopeless.”

“Is it?” observed the Diddler, coming forward. “I don't think so—I'll cure him.”

“Here's another coming to tell me that he knows my business better than I do,” cried the village doctor, excitedly, nodding his small head.

“I think I do,” said the Diddler.

“You do, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Then you had better cure him.”

“That's just my intention,” said the Diddler. “Mean to put him on his feet—no time—ha, all my ancestors were doctors.”

“Doctors, were they? Well, I should like to see you do it.” said the village doctor.

And promising to look in and see how Swags was progressing, he departed, without bidding the schoolmaster good-day.

“You shouldn't offend the doctor,” observed the Diddler. “Can't he pay you out when it comes to your turn to be ill?—oh—no. Won't he give you what for!”

“Do you really mean to tell me you can cure Swags?” he said, with great anxiety.

“If I couldn't, shouldn't say so,” replied the Diddler. “He shall be out and about to-morrow—but must have some money for my pains—'pon honor.”

“You ought to be only too glad to do it for nothing, Diddler,” cried the doctor, reprovingly. “He is your schoolfellow.”

“Can't be done,” said the Diddler; “must be paid for my trouble—Doctor Diddler wants his fee—natural—very. You'll find the Diddler's clever—very clever, sir.”

“How much do you want?” asked the doctor. “You are a mercenary boy. I am sorry to see such a spirit in one so young.”

“Well, say ten dollars,” said the Diddler; “five down, and the rest when Swags is restored to health—money to be refunded if you are not satisfied—no cure, no pay—that's the motto of Doctor Diddler.”

The doctor reluctantly handed the Diddler a crisp bank-note.

“Thankee,” said the Diddler, as he pocketed it.

“Mind, you are to cure him,” said the doctor, impressively; “if you don't, I'll flay you alive as sure as my name is Waddle.”

“Don't think you will,” said the Diddler. “Not just yet a while—I should like to keep my skin a little longer—if it's all the same to you—but I will cure the fat boy—and no mistake.”

And gracefully lifting his hat to the doctor, the Diddler turned away.

He entered the outbuilding.

“Well,” asked Pickwick, “how did it work?”

“Fine,” said the Diddler, displaying the note; “looks nice—nothing like money, dear boy.”

And he related his conversation.

“We must ask him to let us sit up with Swags to-night,” observed young Pickwick.

“I'll interview him on that point,” said the Diddler.

He departed, and presently returned with the intelligence that they were to do as they liked.

“Isn't this prime?” cried young Pickwick. “Have you got the parcel, Diddler?”

“Havent I?” cried the Diddler; “what do you take me for? Here it is—bursting with good things. Swags, my boy, wake up and help us to put 'em down.”

The fat boy lazily opened one eye.

But he jumped up in bed when he saw the food which the Diddler was taking out of the parcel.

“Oh, don't it smell nice! Give me something to eat,” cried the fat boy.

“All right!” said the Diddler, winking at young Pickwick.

Their object was to restore strength to Swags.

They handed him a loaf and a half pound of butter. He greedily commenced to eat.

“Bravo!” cried the Diddler; “that's the way to put it down. Go it, dear boy; it's better than the doctor's stuff.

The loaf and butter quickly vanished.

“Oh, ain't it nice! Any more to eat?” asked Swags.

“Lots,” returned the Diddler, shaking up a steak he was frying. “Pickwick, hand Swags over half a dozen sausages; it will keep him quiet until the steak is done.”

Pickwick handed the fat boy half a dozen sausages.

“You are a good fellow, Picky,” sighed the fat boy, as he demolished the sausages.

Pickwick and the Diddler did not neglect themselves.

They also partook of the good things.

“Have some claret to wash it down, Swags?” asked young Pickwick.

The Diddler had just helped the fat boy to a pound of steak.

The bloated youth smiled and said, “Rather,” as he held out his glass.

“Feel better, my boy?” asked the eccentric youth. “Which treatment do you prefer—Doctor Diddler's or Doctor Shadbolt's?”

“Don't mention that man's name to me,” cried Swags. “He shaved my head and tried to cut me off my grub. I'll never forgive him—never! Oh, I wish I could physic him for a week. I would let him have it strong!”

“Now, Swags, I think you had better go to sleep,” said young Pickwick, tucking the blankets round the fat boy.

“Good-night,” said Swags, in a dreamy voice. “I feels as strong as a lion, Diddler.”

He soon yielded to the drowsy god.

(To be continued.)

“Young Pickwick's Schooldays” was commenced in No. [illegible].

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

ACAPULCO.

WHILE cruising in the Pacific we anchored in the much-abused harbor of Acapulco, in Mexico. From the different accounts I had read, as well as from what had been told me, I expected to find a perfect oven, and was most agreeably surprised at discovering by experience that it was far cooler than it had been anywhere since leaving the equator: the thermometer one morning before sunrise being as low as 75 degrees, while outside, it had run as high as 94 degrees.

For safe anchorage, the harbor is unsurpassed in the world, and the lofty ranges of densely wooded high volcanic mountains render it as beautiful as it is secure. The bay is a mile and a half deep, having an extent from east to west of about three miles, and is perfectly land-locked, the town lying on the west side of the port.

Acapulco, though once of some importance, has gradually been going down-hill. Prior to its occupation by the French, during their late war with Mexico, it almost enjoyed the privilege of a free port, paying a reduction so considerable on the imports, that the resident merchants were enabled to do a brisk trade with the interior, as well as with the capital. After the French left, the custom-house duties were again enforced, and shortly afterward, the railway being completed between Vera Cruz and Mexico, all commerce went round to the other coast, and the final death-blow was given to Acapulco. Everything in connection with the government of this republic is managed by bribery. The salaries of the officials are small, and it is distinctly understood on both sides that any appointment conferred carries with it the privilege of extorting as much money from the public as ever they can possibly screw out of them, and whoever can bribe the highest gets served the best. The Vera Cruz merchants manage this so well that they are able to land their goods, and not only undersell the towns on the west coast up at the city of Mexico, but can also take away all their trade with the small villages and towns in their immediate neighborhood. The town of Acapulco is clean, and the country, particularly after the arid hills and sandy plains of Northern Chili and Peru, appeared a veritable garden of Eden. Once more we saw the graceful feathery palm-trees waving in the breeze; the verdant mango laden with its golden fruit, and the broad-leafed banana glistening in the sun. Alligator pears, oranges, limes and pine-apples were abundant and inexpensive, and quantities of fish could be had by hauling the net.

A NEW STORY,

Full of Stir and Life, begins in this number.

The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

Or,

The Fishing Trip of an American Boy,

By ROGER STARBUCK.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway,

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

Topsy-Turvy;

Or,

The Boy Explorer.

A story equal to Jules Verne.

The Chums of Harvard College.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Long Jim, the Scout;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

And

Young Pickwick's School-days.

To those of our readers who are desirous of obtaining an admirable illustrated record of the current events of romantic and startling interest, we recommend THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES, *in which will be found all that transpires of a sensational character: deeds of heroism, thrilling adventures, accidents and criminalities, brilliantly illustrated. Also full reports of sporting events, theatrical gossip, portraits of public notabilities, amusing cartoons, etc. etc. Published every Friday; single copies, price 10 cents, at all newsdealers'; annual subscription, $4. Address, 53 Park Place, New York.*

CAUTION.

Subscribers, in ordering our publications, should be careful to write the name of FRANK LESLIE *in full, and direct their letters to 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, from which address all our publications are issued.*

Send Twenty-five Cents

FOR SPECIMEN COPY OF

Frank Leslie's

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Read "The Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood"; see the purest and best stories and poems for

Boys and Girls,

and grown people. It makes Sunday a cheerful day. There is nothing stupid, morose or heavy in our **Sunday Magazine.** Every man who wants to have a glad and happy household should let his children have the **Sunday Magazine.**

☞ *READ THE ABOVE TO YOUR PARENTS.*

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor	$5.00
For the next best	2.50
For the third in merit and promptness	1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 669.

1. See-thing. 2. Plaintiff, Defendant—PyramiD, LyrE, AlooF, ImagE, NathaN, ToaD, ischiA, FalcoN, ForesT. 3. Cele(b)rity, Gamb(o)ling, Ti(t)le, Ra(n)ge, Bo(u)nd. 4. Edison, Derive, Irene, Sinnet, Oviedo, Nestor. 5. For-sake. 6. Colic. 7. Vocal, Opera, Cedar, Arace, Lares. 8. S, Elm, E-rein, Slender, Midst, Net, T. 9. War-den. 10. Tar, Rat, Art, Trap.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 669.

1.—C. W. Green, 1309 Vermont Avenue, Washington, D. C.

2.—R. J. Butler, Westerly, R. I.

3.—M. Richardson, 523 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

FIVE hundred; merriment; countenance and a vowel; a peeress; wants; a domestic animal; a consonant.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A tropic fruit which all of us have ate;
Finals a division to be found in each State;
Primals and finals together when read,
Name a place which lets you well butter your
bread.

Relating to the eye my first denotes;
Venetian bridge above the gliding boats;
Vowels in order next their part will play;
The sultry moment that marks midday;
One whom far lands doth strange sights
amuse;
A sharpening powder that the ladies use.

3.—CHARADE.

My horse gave a first
As we sighted the spot;
Where he knew that by second
The water had got.
And the hills that were whole,
He made echo around,
As up to the trough
He gave a free bound.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

Bells; a girl's name; accustomed; diseased; before and a card; to grieve.

5.—CHARADE.

The homeward swallow passed me by
On light and airy third;
The tinkling first and louder whole
Came from the weary herd.
And round like second sank the sun
While everything told work was done.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

A form of water; Indian boats; to guarantee against loss; a relative; an island south of France; a vowel and understanding.

7.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

Delete a small animal
And demand this word surely shows;
Delete what doth tasteful mean,
Aforesaid it will disclose.

Next, then, delete to moisten
And to remit you will see;
Finally, delete measure
And a boundary it will be.

8.—ENIGMA.

Greatly used, but spurned by some,
I'm found in nearly every home,
In Holland and the East;
Both "idle" Turk and "laboring" Dutch,
Hold me in favor very much,
And spurn me not the least.

Sweet to those who use me much,
Though there are some who wouldn't touch
Me for a purse of money;
But to the taste of many men,
Of whom, perhaps, you have no ken,
I am as good as honey.

9.—TRANSPOSITION.

A substance soft and light
Will quickly come to sight
By writing down a word of letters four;
Transpose, and very plain
A substance comes again.
Very hard and very heavy, I am sure.

10.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

'Twas a maiden and her lover;
He his passion did discover.
When she frowned, and said him "No,"
Then he vowed life had no charms,
Grim death no dread alarms,
To destruction he must go.
Then compunction filled her soul,
And she said to him—my whole.

Transposed, she whispered sweet and low,
And from her lips these sounds did flow,
Which cheered his sorrowing heart.
Then, as a peaceful token, she,
Restored, presented whole, which he
Must never let depart.
Enraptured then, this vow he swore,
Transposed, "Will keep it evermore."

G. H. M.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

THE first person singular—Adam.

IS THE knot in a porker's tail a pigstye?

OUGHT a baker to drive a thorough bread horse?

A PHILADELPHIA paper says—"It is always the big fellows who get to the front in a crowd. Just look at a strawberry-box and see if it is not so. The little ones are always at the bottom, out of sight."

"ARE you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old boy who was crying in the street for his mother. "No, I ain't lost, but my mother is," he sobbed.

A NATURALIST has discovered that crows hold a solemn court at which offenders are tried—a sort of crow bar. It is said that no bird is tried without caws, and that a true bill is indispensable in every case.

A LAD in a Boston school being asked, "What is Rhode Island celebrated for?" replied: "It is the only one of the New England States which is the smallest."

IT is a great piece of folly for a man to be always ready to meet trouble half way. If he would put all the journey on trouble, he might never meet it at all.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

50 Snowflake, Rosette, Damask, etc., Cards, name on each, 10 cents. Chas. E. Kay, New Haven, Conn.

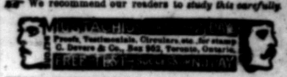
66 Large Cards, 25 styles, with name, 10c., with case, 12c. Blank c'ds cheap. H. T. Johnson, Scio, N. Y.

50 FINE CARDS, no 2 alike, with name and case. 10c. 50 white, 10c. POSTMASTER, Higganum, Ct.

20 New Styles Chromo Cards, 10c.; or 25 New Styles, mixed, 10c., postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

25 of the Prettiest Cards you ever saw, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

☞ We recommend our readers to *study this carefully.*



Proofs, Testimonials, Circulars, etc., for stamp. C. Devere & Co., Box 962, Toronto, Ontario.

THE COLUMBIA BICYCLE.—A practical road-machine. Easy to learn to ride. An ordinary rider can distance the best horse in a day's run over ordinary roads. Send three-cent stamp for twenty-four page catalogue, with price-list and full information. The Pope Manuf'g Co., 95 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

THE EXCELSIOR

$3 Press Prints labels, cards, etc. (Self-inker $4) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn. **ROTARY JOB PRESS, $100.** Ours is the largest factory in the United States.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A SPLENDID PRESENT. 1 Gilt-bound Autograph Album containing 48 beautifully engraved pages, also 47 select quotations, all for 15c., post-paid. Postage Stamps taken. Agents wanted. Franklin Bros., West Haven, Ct.

EMBOSSED Pictures, Decalcomania, Gem Chromos, etc., at lowest possible rates. Send stamp for price-list to Ella Scott, 37 Park Row, N. Y. City. *Agents wanted.*

100 Foreign Postage Stamps by return mail, only 10c. 100 scarce, all different, only 25c. 50 rare, all different, only 25c. Set of seven Turkey, only 10c. Set of seven Brazil, only 15c. All stamps warranted genuine. THE STAMP COLLECTOR, issued monthly, containing list of cheap packets and sets, sent free. ARTHUR FOUNTAIN, 79 Nassau St., New York.

WHISKERS or a luxuriant MUSTACHE can be grown in a few days, safe and sure. Send address and twenty-five cents to J. SEARS & CO., Wyoming, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Stamp Collectors! Send 3c. for price-lists and a nice sheet of stamps on approval. R. W. Mepham, St. Louis, Mo.

YOUNG MAN Rid yourself of those pimples and that rough skin, kill those black-headed worms which so disfigure your countenance. Address, with stamp, C. F. WRIGHT, Lock box 452, Cincinnati, O.

52 Latest style visiting cards, different varieties, 10c. 12 packs, $1. Novelty Card Co., Hartford, Conn.

BALDNESS OVERCOME, an overthrow of patent hair oil. Appeal to various cases forsaken by medical science. Baldness a specialty, in the reach of all and free of expense. For price of recipes send 25 cts. to DR. T. J. ELLIOT, Frenchtown, Crawford County, Pa.

CARDS, 10 Lily-of-the-Valley, 10 Scroll, 10 Engraved, 10 Transparent, 1 Model Love Letter, 1 Card Case, Name on all, 15 cts. WARD & CO., Westville, Conn.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 35 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.
Address, **W. FOX,** Box 205, Fultonville, N. Y.

50 Snowflake, Motto, Chromo, Favorite, etc., cards, in gold and jet 10c. Best. BURCKEL & Co., Durham, Ct.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

50 Chromo, snowflake and lace cards, with name, 10c. 40 all chromos, 10c. Star Print'g Co., Northford, Ct.

SEND FOR

Frank Leslie's

MARVELOUSLY CHEAP BOOKS.

8vo., Heavy Paper Covers, Illustrated.

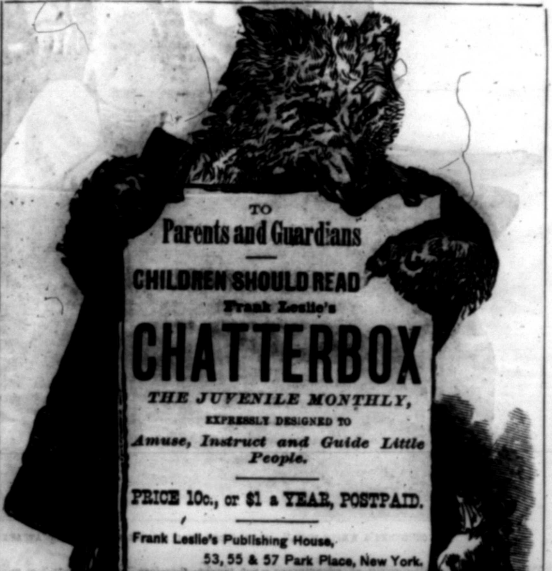
	Cts.
MICHAEL STROGOFF. By JULES VERNE	.25
FRITZ, THE EMIGRANT. By CHARLES GAYLER	.25
MONTAGUE; OR, THE BELLE OF THE MATINEE. By CHARLES GAYLER	.25
REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By MARY CECIL HAY	.25
JACK HARKAWAY OUT WEST AMONG THE INDIANS. By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG	.30
LONE WOLF, THE APACHE CHIEF. By ROBERT H. JAYNE	.15

Convenient 12mo. Books, Bound in Boards, Uniform in Style.

LIVING OR DEAD. A Story Founded on Fact. 288 pages, heavy board covers	.50
WIFE IN NAME ONLY. By the Author of "Dora Thorne," etc., etc. 288 pages, heavy board covers	.50
THE HALF-SISTERS. A Story of Metropolitan Life. 288 pages, heavy board covers	.50
A RUSSIAN BULLET AND A BROKEN HEART. 288 pages, heavy board covers	.50

For sale by all Newsdealers and at all Bookstores, or sent, post-paid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price named. Address,

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.



TO
Parents and Guardians
CHILDREN SHOULD READ
Frank Leslie's
CHATTERBOX
THE JUVENILE MONTHLY,
EXPRESSLY DESIGNED TO
Amuse, Instruct and Guide Little People.

PRICE 10c., or $1 a YEAR, POSTPAID.

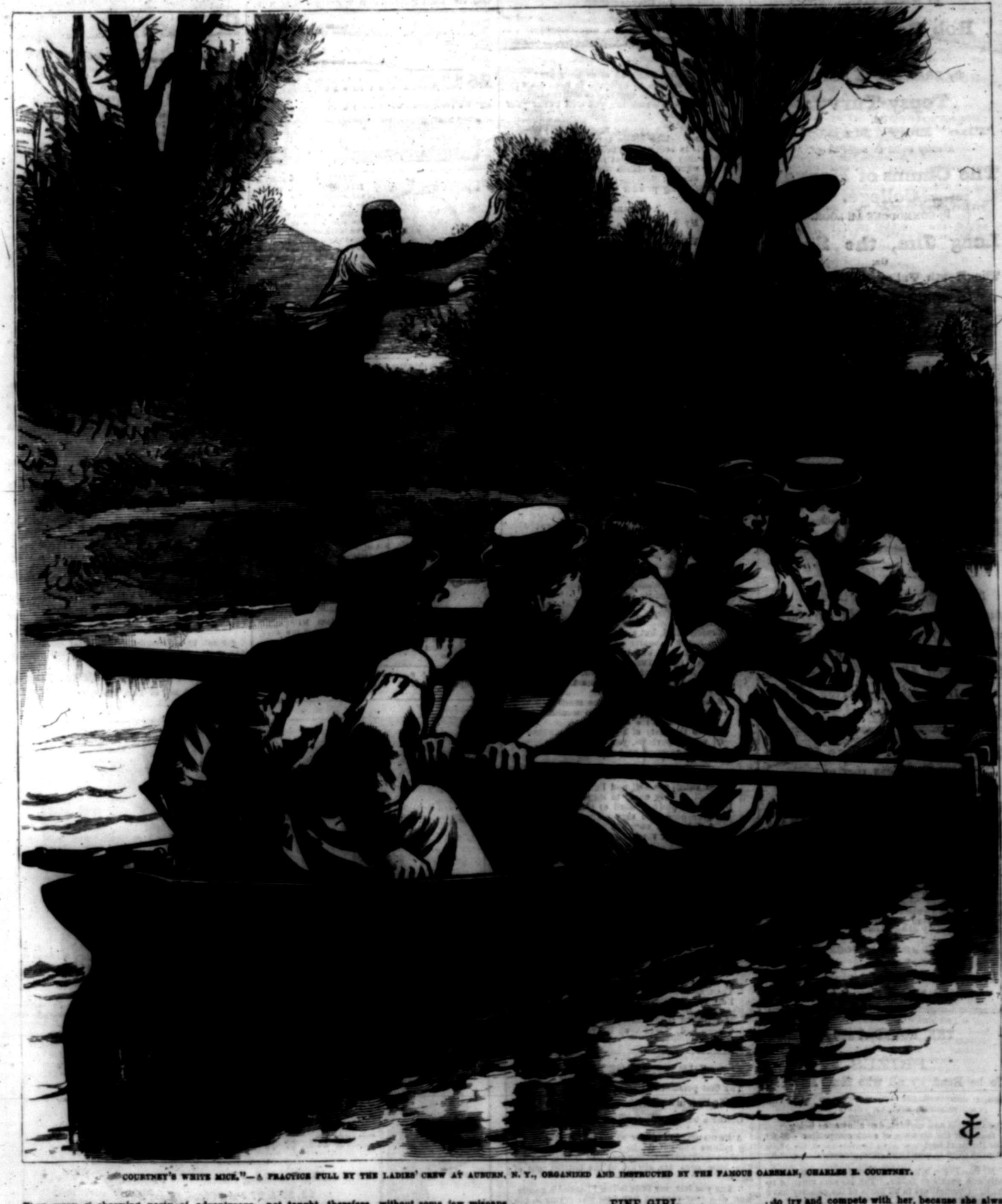
Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

"COURTNEY'S WHITE MICE."

CHARLES E. COURTNEY, the famous oarsman whom we all hope soon to see pitted against the Canadian wonder Hanlan, has discovered a novel means this Summer of combining profit with pleasure. As a professional sculler he has many pupils whom he teaches to "feather an oar with skill and dexterity," and he has recently been applied to by a party of young ladies of Auburn, Cayuga County, to give them instruction in this useful and graceful art.

They were a charming party of adventurous young girls, pretty, vivacious and healthy, full of life and muscle, which they longed to use, and they were connected with the first families of the place, and abundantly able to pay well for their aquatic education. No wonder, then, that Charles Courtney, who is an uncommonly good looking fellow, as well as a tough hand at the sculls, accepted without much hesitation the post of coach, tutor, guide, philosopher, and friend of this novel and charming crew.

The young ladies speedily provided themselves with boating suits of the regulation "Pinafore" cut—trim, jaunty and coquettish—showing their lithe figures to splendid advantage, and giving their shapely arms freedom and room to swing a lusty stroke even if they should get burned to a ripe, rich brown by the ardent kisses of old Sol. Courtney, in the meantime, provided the boats and sculls, and then the fun commenced. First the girls were taught how to get into a boat, for it is a well-known fact that an average woman weighing one hundred pounds will come down heavier in the bottom of a barge or shell than an oarsman weighing two hundred pounds. This branch of the rowing art was not taught, therefore, without some few mishaps and many boat-wrecks, but it was bravely conquered at last, and now these women can "man" a boat as spryly as need be, and can "trim" it, too—almost as well as they could trim a bonnet. Then the profounder mysteries of the stroke were imparted to these willing learners, and they were taught to dip and pull, to feather and recover, as well as many an older crew composed of sterner stuff, although it must be owned that this result was not attained without a goodly share of blistered hands, and sun-burned necks, and stiff and aching backs. Now that they are no longer neophytes, it is with commendable pride that the Auburnites, who have long ago given them the playful name of "Courtney's White Mice," watch their graceful sweep as they pull along the lake, sometimes with and sometimes without their teacher running along the bank, and it is no wonder that they loudly proclaim their wish to see another crew of ladies in the world, of the same class and social standing, who can rival their performances.



"COURTNEY'S WHITE MICE."—A PRACTICE PULL BY THE LADIES' CREW AT AUBURN, N. Y., ORGANIZED AND INSTRUCTED BY THE FAMOUS OARSMAN, CHARLES E. COURTNEY.

* * *

ARTICLES of real merit are worth their value.

FINE GIRL.

WESTERN PENOBSCOT, Me., boasts of a very remarkable girl. She is the daughter of Peter G. Kimball, of the town of Carmel, and is but fifteen years of age. Two years ago she surprised her father by cutting a very large quantity of wood in a brief space of time. This was published in the newspapers, and she has therefore already achieved some prominence. She has this Summer begun work at a Mr. Clayton's, in Hampden, near Stanley bridge. Recently she started out after supper, and put up forty-five bunches of hay, and milked the cows before sunset. Although so young, she is very strong and muscular, and does any farm-work she undertakes in a very expeditious manner. The next day, after dinner, she had completed her work around the house and entered the field again. She loaded three loads of hay, stowed them away in the barn, pitched a fourth load on the rack and stowed that away. She then prepared supper for a party of four, and after serving it went to Whitney's Corner, in Newburg, and obtained a pair of boots for herself, and arrived home on her return before dark. The young fellows do not care to try and compete with her, because she always comes out first best. She is of Kentucky blood, and has lived in Maine but a few years.

* * *

HIS SPEECH.—A gentleman, who once called at his rooms in Washington was told by his negro servant, "Massa Sumner he gone to de Senate to make him speech." "What speech?" asked the gentleman, in surprise. "Why, dat ar speech he's been hollering out in bed ebery morning dese free weeks."